

Grskiniāna
1910



Agnus L. Berlin.

Due Hart.

S. C.





GREETING

GREETING

It is with no small degree of modesty that the Editors present this, the second volume of the Erskine College Annual. We have striven to make *ERSKINIANA* a credit to our beloved institution. We have labored earnestly, loyally, lovingly. We grant readily that this volume has its defects; therefore we ask that you, gentle reader,

“Be to its virtues very kind;
Be to its faults a little blind.”

DEDICATION

TO

James Strong Moffatt, D. D.

Whose example of faithful service,
of devotion to duty, and of royal
manhood, is ever a source of inspir-
ation to us, we, the Class of 1910,
because of our appreciation of his
example, respectfully dedicate this
volume



JAMES STRONG MOFFATT, D.D.

James Strong Moffatt, D.D.

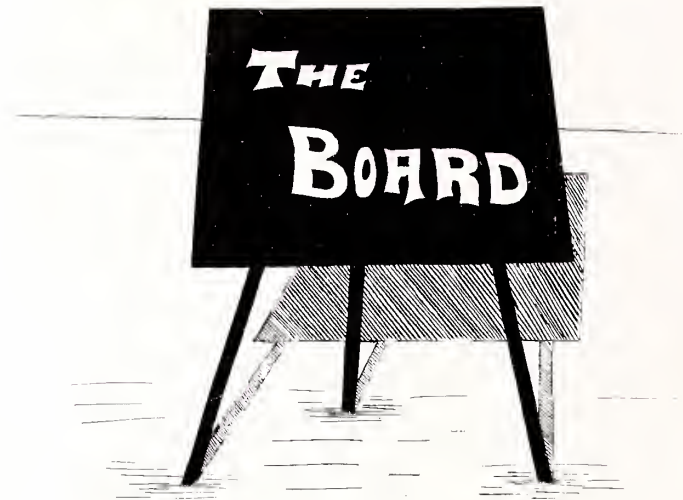
JAMES STRONG MOFFATT, the sixth President of Erskine College, a son of Rev. William S. Moffatt and Martha Jane Wilson, was born at Wheeling, Fulton county, Arkansas, July 17, 1860. He gained his elementary education from his mother, and afterwards attended schools in Uniontown, Ohio, at Xenia and St. Clairsville, in the same state. After two years in Erskine College, he spent two years in Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, graduating there in 1883. Being received as a student in theology by the Western Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church, at Mulberry, Missouri, he took a three-years' course at the United Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny, Pa.

In April, 1886, he connected himself with the First Presbytery of the Associate Reformed Synod, and had charge of the mission at Charlotte, N. C. At Due West, S. C., on November 23rd, of the same year, he was married to Miss Jennie Moffatt Grier, the daughter of Rev. Dr. William M. Grier and Nannie McMorries.

Having received and accepted a call to Chester, S. C., he was installed as pastor in the summer of 1887. Under his pastorate the church prospered wonderfully. For twenty years he exerted a potent influence in the hearts and lives of his congregation.

In 1905, Cooper College, Stirling, Kansas, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Upon the resignation of Dr. F. Y. Pressly, the Synod, in recognition of his worth, and because of confidence in his executive ability, chose Dr. Moffatt as President of Erskine College. In January, 1907, a few months after his selection by Synod, he took charge of his new work. After years of labor in a field somewhat removed from educational affairs, it is remarkable with what readiness he adapted himself to his new environments. Under his administration the college is prospering. His unwearied service and kindly interest wins for him a goodly portion of the affection of every student in the institution of which he is the able head.



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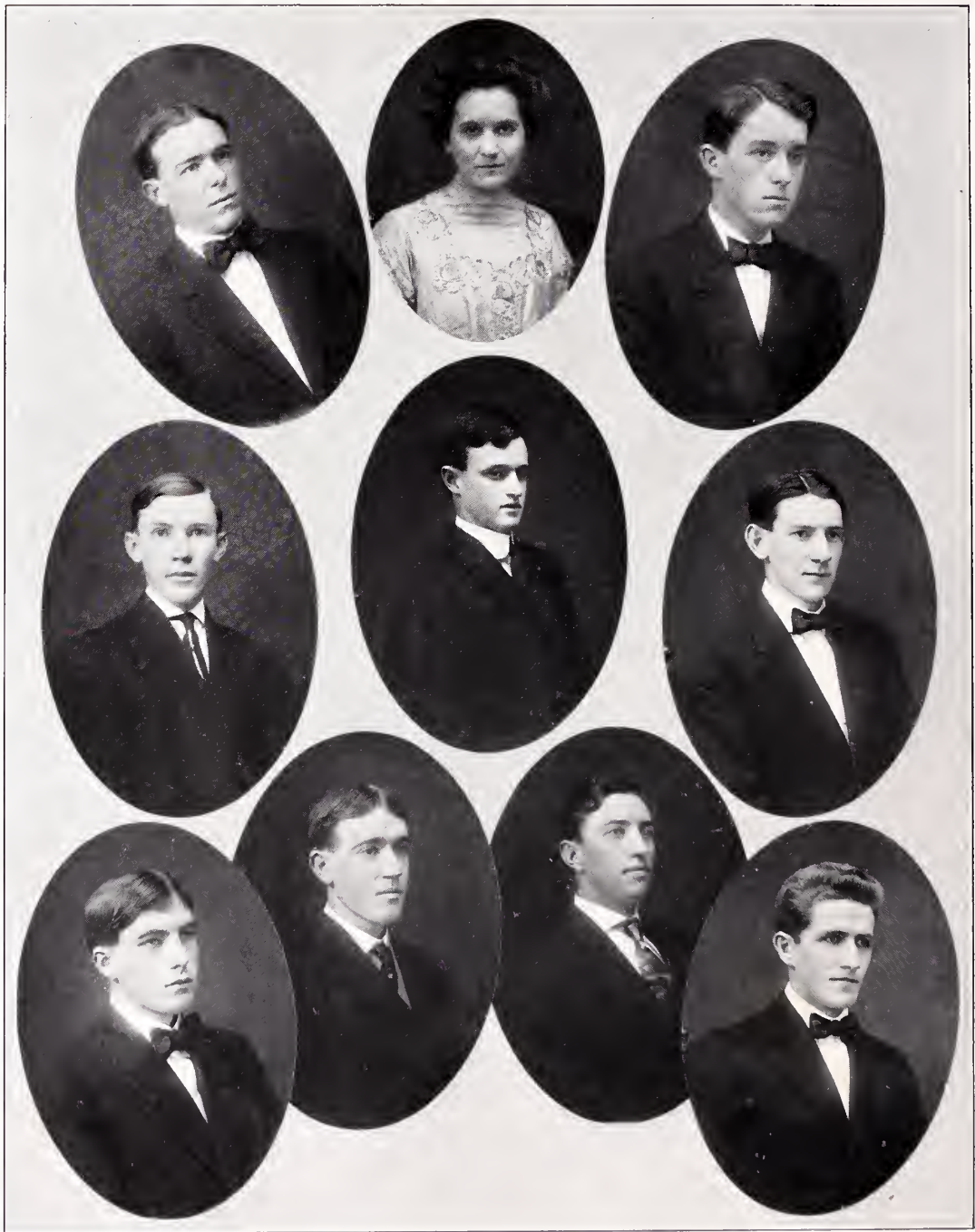
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IN MEMORIAM

PROF. DALLAS GRIER CALDWELL was born in Cabarrus county, North Carolina, on the 19th day of February, 1856. He graduated at Erskine in the class of 1873. He became a minister of the Gospel in 1876, and until his election to the chair of Latin and French in 1893 he was an important factor in the work of the Associate Reformed Synod. As an instructor he was universally liked. As a true friend, faithful adviser, and fatherly counsellor, he was loved and honored by the students of Erskine College. His death, which occurred on October 10th, 1909, deprived Erskine students of one of their staunchest friends.



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NEIL HARPER BELL

*"Life's a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."*

The "Bell" was first tolled at Pottsville, Ark., when Neil Harper appeared on October 20th, 1887.

When he was only a few weeks old, his mother presented him with a ball and ever since that day it has been his constant companion. He first won victories on the diamond of the Pottsville High School, which he attended. At Erskine, he received his share of freshing with the class entering in 1906. A star of the Erskine ball team he has long been, and many victories have depended on his twirling.

A loyal member of the Philomathean Society, he has served as its President and Vice-President. He was elected President of the Society Celebration in his Senior year.

His business ability has been shown in the management of the *Erskinian* this year; and his love of fun, in the joke department of *ERSKINIANA*.

Ever high in his ideals, Neal has for some time been following after a King, which road often leads him down to "Forbidden."



LOWRY COLEMAN BLAKELY

"O, Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!"

Lowry Coleman Blakely, scholar, wit, masher, and loafer, was born near Ora, S. C., on October 28th, 1888. After mastering the branches taught in the Hickory Grove and Ora schools, he entered Erskine Fitting School in 1905. Rumor has it that he was industrious in his Prep. year, but who knows? At present, public opinion renders the decision that Lowry is lazy; but the Scribe, unwilling to judge singly, submits to those who know Lowry, this proposition for discussion. "Could Lowry C. Blakely ever have been industrious?" This unfortunate vein in Lowry's nature is as nothing though in view of those virtues, wit and personal magnetism, which not only have won for him offices of honor in his class and in the Euphemian Literary Society; but have also imprinted his image on the hearts of the fair ones of Spartanburg, where he now resides.



WALTER MORSE BONNER

"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When the spirits advised Walter not to enter the dreadful world of time, he replied, "Oh, I'll get through somehow." Due West on November 12th, 1887, was the place and time he first began to carry out his motto.

Through the Graded School of Due West and Erskine Prep., he went with ease, entering the college in 1906.

That same year he joined the Euphemian Society, of which he has since been a loyal member. Modest and unassuming, he has many friends and will be missed when the class of '10 has gone.



ROBERT DOWN BYRD

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

On that momentous morning when the class first entered the sacred and terrifying portals of the Department of English, Dr. McCain asked each member his name. In his round, he reached an awe-struck, awkward, blushing youth from Ora, S. C., who, when asked his name, replied: "Well, I don't hardly know, sir. My name is really Robert Down, but everybody calls me R.D." Now R.D. was young then,—having been born January 12th, 1890—and his embarrassment was in a measure due to a jagged edge of his hobble-de-hoy period of existence. But on that day Byrd winged his way to the affection of his classmates; and since that day that same modest, unassuming manner has won for him the esteem of every college mate. The fact that the Euphemian Society has honored him with offices, and the fact that the ball-team has won many a victory by his "shootin' 'em down the groove," has in no degree lessened the winsomeness of his modesty.



WILLIAM FRANKLIN HARKEY

*"There is no mistake; there has been no mistake;
and there shall be no mistake: Sirs, I am from
Mecklenburg county."*

William Franklin Harkey was born 111 years, ten months, ten days, four hours, twenty-five minutes, 39 1-9 seconds after the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; and at a point 52800 feet from the place of signing of the aforesaid Declaration. To put it so one who has never lived in Mecklenburg, or has never heard a Mecklenburger talk, may understand it, he was born within ten miles of Charlotte on the 31st of March, 1887. After receiving his primary education at Charlotte University School, he entered Erskine with the class of 1910. He has held the offices of Secretary, Chief Monitor, and Vice-President of the Philomathean Literary Society, Sophomore Declaimer on the Semi-annual Celebration, and representative in the preliminary contest for Greenwood. In college he has distinguished himself as a man of sober habits, of even temper, of firm convictions, and of unrivalled merits as a booster of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County.



ROBERT CALVIN GRIER

"With thee conversing, I forget all time."

Due West claims to have first owned "Teen," and we have reason to believe he first made his appearance there October 12th, 1889.

Our wonder at his special liking for the ladies will decrease when we reflect that "Teen" received his primary education at the Due West Female College. From there he went through the Graded School of Due West and the Preparatory Department of Erskine. During his college life "Teen" has worked hard, and many honors have been his. In the Philomathean Society he has been Vice-President and Secretary. One of our star ball players, he has done brilliant work on third base and short stop for the last three years. In tennis, too, he has been State champion in singles for three out of the last four years, and he has wielded his racket to the same result in doubles this year.

He won the Mower medal in 1908. This year he is Assistant Literary Editor of the *Erskinian* and Literary Editor of *ERSKINIANA*.

"Teen" has not yet lost his love for the ladies, but dreams of the most beautiful in all the world even now.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IRWIN

*"Happy the man who never hears the sneer,
Nor comprehends the meaning of a hint."*

In 1786 Thomas Jefferson was winning his way to the hearts of the French people by his charming manners and graceful demeanor. One century later, on July 11th, 1886, Thomas Jefferson Irwin was born; and like his illustrious prototype of the previous century, he developed into a heart-winner through his graces. Had Thomas Jefferson Irwin the additional nine inches of stature possessed by Thomas Jefferson, he could with greater ease climb Mount Chickasaw and Poverty Ridge; but remember, Reader, that in spite of this physical handicap Tom gets there just the same.

Occasionally Tom leaves off addressing figures of speech to the initials of his "Rosalind" hacked on the back of his Ingersol watch to amuse the Euphemian Society with a humorous essay. Essays, speeches, recitations, all are characterized by that "Wee cowerin'" voice like the cooing of a dove which is ever the distinguishing feature of a crack-brained lover.



JAMES SHAW KETCHIN

*"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of
the Nile."*

Among the artists of the class is one James Shaw Ketchin, a clog dancer, who first writhed and wriggled to his own piping on March 2nd, 1888, in Winnsboro, S. C. Having jigged his way through Mount Zion Institute, Winnsboro, he then waltzed his way to Due West, where he still continues to do gymnastic stunts with his light fantastic toe. Occasionally he stops his favorite occupation of dancing to argue, and whether he argues that the world is not round or that the Faculty should not abolish hazing, he is invincible. But in dancing or in arguing his whole being is in his task. In his Junior year, Shaw was a delegate to the Carolina College Press Association meet held in Columbia, and was also recording secretary of the Euphemian Literary Society. He is now President of the College Athletic Association, manager of Erskine Minstrel, and editor of Poetry and Short Story department of the *Erskinian*.





JOHN NATHANIEL LESSLIE

"I am Sir Oracle; when I speak let no dog bark."

"The bird of time has but a little while to flutter, and the bird is on the wing:" John Nathaniel Lesslie, commonly called "Sandusky," was born at Lesslie, S. C., September 4th, 1883. Leaving behind him the authoritative tones of the school master and the menacing whirr of the hickory, Sandy entered Erskine in 1905. In 1907 he returned to the hum of the school room, but this time he performed the Ichabod Crane act of urging tardy loiterers along the flowery path of knowledge. After a year's absence, he returned. Having joined the Euphemian Society, he developed into a declaimer of such merit that he won the Freshman declaimers' medal and the appointment as Freshman declaimer on the semi-annual Celebration. In his Senior year his was the honor of being President of the Semi-annual Celebration. Besides college honors, Sandusky has served three terms in the choir of the A.R.P. Church. Every one voices the sentiment that,

*"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird."*

ESTES McCAIN LYNN

*"A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."*

It was Covington, Tenn., that was first honored with the presence of Estes M. Lynn. He made his appearance one warm August day in the year 1891. At the Covington City Schools he first showed that spirit of industrious work which has ever predominated in his life.

After one year at the Palatka, Florida, High School, kind fate led him to Erskine, where he entered the Sophomore Class in 1907.

Many honors have been his in college life. A member of the Euphemian Society, he has been elected to many of its important positions. He has taken part in the society celebrations in both his Junior and Senior years. The student-body recognizing his ability, elected him Editor-in-Chief of ERSKINIANA in his Senior year. He has "malice toward none, charity toward all," and when with his class of '10 he leaves Erskine, we will in truth feel the loss of a friend.



MOFFATT GRIER McDONALD

*"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone it seemed natural to please."*

The President of the Class of 1910, Moffatt Grier McDonald, was born at Winnsboro, S. C., February 16th, 1889. Because of his Irish features and witty philosophy, his schoolmates at Mt. Zion Institute bequeathed to him the sole right of being called Mr. Dooley. As a natural result of his wit and pleasing personality, Dooley soon became one of the most popular men in the class. As a natural result of his accomplishments, he soon won honor after honor at the hands of his classmates, the student-body and his Society, the Euphemian. The class chose him as president in '08 and again in '09; the student-body selected him as assistant baseball manager for the present season, as editor-in-chief of the *Erskonian*, and as business manager of ERSKINIANA; the Euphemian Society awarded him the Sophomore Essayist's medal and various offices of honor, viz., recording secretary, President, representative in the Greenwood preliminary contest, and senior debater on the semi-annual. The last-named honor he declined. The opinion of all is that Dooley is the most versatile in the class.



JOE ALLEN MATTHEWS

"I feel an army in my fist."

It was bitter cold the day Allen first aroused himself to the fact that life was worth while—February 3rd, 1887. When he went to McCain's Graded School, the other boys all stood back in wonder at his strength and might of arm, and it was little surprise that he was ring leader in all their sports. He came to Erskine with the Class of '10 and has been an important factor in it ever since.

Recognizing his wit, he was elected local editor of the *Erskonian*, and has also been manager of the baseball team.

In the Philomathean Society he has served as Vice-President and Secretary. In 1907 he won the freshman medal in declamation.



WILLIAM CLARKE MILLER

"I will proclaim my name about the field."

William toddled up Coddle Creek, N. C., after May 9th, 1889, until he went to Statesville at an early age. There he completed the Statesville Graded School. He then spent one year at Webb School, Bell Buckle, Tenn., and entered Erskine with his class in the fall of '06. He has served the Philomathean Society as Monitor, Secretary, and Vice-President, and as Senior debater on the Semi-annual Celebration. He also held the office of Athletic Editor of the *Erskinian*. As a member of the Y. M. C. A. he did good work, and represented the Association at the International Conference at Columbus, Ohio, in 1908.



BRICE PRESSLY MOFFATT

*"Only happy when enquiring,
Only handsome out of sight."*

On the 23rd of April, 1891, or very soon thereafter, Troy, Tenn., was struck by a storm of question, which subsequent years have proven to be inexhaustable. The Trojans were mercilessly robbed of their knowledge; and then Brice, bearing his trophy with him, proceeded to Obion College to win other laurels. He was graduated therefrom in 1907; and being desirous of a still more intimate acquaintance with fair Knowledge, he entered the Sophomore class of Erskine the following September. He became a member of the Euphemian Literary Society, winning renown by his valuable service on the Query Committee and as Senior debater on the Semi-annual Celebration.



MOFFATT ROSS PLAXCO

*"So lordly in his manner and in his walk,
So witty and sarcastic in his talk."*

The ninth day of the "merry month of May" is a red-letter day in the calendar of the Class of '10; because, on that day, in the little city of Lancaster, S. C., was born Moffatt Ross Plaxco, Orator, Poet, Wit,—and Lover. His education preliminary to entering college was begun in Ora, S. C., and completed in the Graded Schools of Clinton. When he came to college he joined the Euphemian Society; and has represented her as Sophomore declaimer on the Semi-annual, Junior Orator on Annual, and Senior Orator on Semi-annual. He won the Junior orator's medal and held all offices in the Society except that of secretary. He has also had the honor of representing his Society in the Greenwood preliminary contest, of representing Erskine College as committeeman of the South Carolina Oratorical Association, and of editing the Alumni department of the *Erskinian*.



MATTHEW WHITE PATRICK

*"I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than be a Fresh."*



One would not judge that the noble soul of Matthew White Patrick first saw the light in as unassuming a place as White Oak, S. C. But life is full of surprises and of incongruities; therefore blame not the place. It was on the 13th of March, 1888; and a chill wind was blowing, which naturally made this child of a reserved disposition. He went to school in his native hamlet for a number of years, and in due time graduated as first honor man in a class of one. The next year found the whole class at Erskine, wearing the green ribbon which is peculiar to members of the freshman class. Matthew's fondness for members of the Calliopean Society interfered to a certain extent with his work in the Euphemian Society, but he served as Monitor and President, and at several Celebrations gracefully filled the office of Chief-marshal.

CALVIN BRICE WILLIAMS

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."

To begin with, his morality with the beginning of his mortality, Calvin Brice Williams was born September 23rd, 1883, near Matthews, N.C. After his preparatory education at Bain Academy and Union Institute, he entered Erskine in 1905. After playing the role of schoolmaster during the following year, he again entered school, thus becoming a member of the Class of 1910, and at the same time its moral prop. In his chosen Society, Philomathean, he, because of his merit, won honors repeatedly. As a participant in every Semi-annual Celebration of his Society since his entrance into college and as Junior orator on the Annual Celebration, he showed that the honor was not misplaced. By faithful work, he won the Junior Debaters' medal. This same adherence to duty regardless of consequences made him the fit man for the position which he holds as President of the Y. M. C. A.



CLARENCE EUGENE WILLIAMSON

*"He learneth more from tendre looks,
And 'witching smiles than from his books."*

Some insignificant and obscure little villages and country corners have become dear to humanity because they were the nurseries of great men. Thus it happens that Donalds and "thereabouts" will ever be in the minds of the members of the Class of '10, because, in the "thereabouts," on the 23rd of October, 1888, Clarence Eugene Williamson was born. Having received a fair foundation of knowledge in the Donalds Graded School, he entered the Prep. department of Erskine in the fall of '05, and has made a most glorious record in both his academic and Wylie Home courses. He represented the Euphemian Society, as Freshman and Sophomore declaimer, won the Freshman declaimers' medal, and was in the Greenwood preliminary contest.





Senior Class Prophecy



September 20, 1920.

Alumni Editor of the Erskinian
Due West, S. C.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your letter, I enclose herein my report, delivered before the Class of 1910, at its Reunion and Banquet, held in the College Home of Erskine College, on the evening of June 2nd, 1920.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MY CLASSMATES :

Some time ago I was asked by the President of our class to look into the history of each member since our graduation, and to report the same to you here tonight. We have had some difficulty in obtaining material for this on account of the extreme modesty of the members in regard to giving information about themselves. But I see every member of the class gathered around this board tonight—a happy throng—and if I have made any mistakes, or omitted any important considerations, I implore instant correction.

Ten years have passed since we were members of the Senior Class of Erskine College, firm believers in the strength of unity, our hearts bound together in the sacred realms of college friendship by hoops of steel. We were justly proud of our *Alma Mater*, of our student-body, of our class. Four years had we labored together, but the time for the parting of our ways was at hand. Indeed, we were grieved, and felt many a pang of sorrow at leaving Erskine and Due West. But after receiving our diplomas we bade each other a tender farewell, and went our ways, to fight our struggles bravely, but never to forget our college days, with their associations, loves and memories.

Classmates, tonight is the first time we have all gathered together since that day. Some of us have been near other members of our class, but many of us have been far away. I find that each member of the class of nineteen hundred and ten is still true, each doing his work well. I find no presidents of the United States, no senators, no ambassadors, no supreme judges, no cabinet members, no successors to J. P. Morgan, though these places could well be filled by members of our class. Recognizing that the best and noblest work lies not in the Seats of the Mighty, but in noble service, wherever it may be, and that man can also minister in any division of life's work, our classmates are doing well what they attempt. Loved and honored by all with whom they are associated, each one is a benefit to the world in which he strives. To be true is, indeed, an ambition, and a true man is God's ideal of perfection. Our classmates are true to the ideals, the teachings, the examples set before them while in Erskine College. While all of us may not have found practical use for the theories of Astronomy, Psychology or Geology, yet we remember the truths taught us through the efforts of our instructors.

But to the matter, without further introduction:

As would be justly expected, we find that N. H. Bell is vigorously informing mankind of his existence, as in days of old. Bell, after we parted, studied the problems of banking in a well-known school in New York city, and as his native State had first claims upon him, he went there, and began at the foot of the highway of trade, and is today cashier of the First National Bank of Little Rock, Ark., a position of honor and trust, which he ably fills. He is also president of the Bankers' Association of his State. With him — no longer a King — but queen of an American home is one who was once one of our number, and one loved by all. They say that every year "Neill Harper" journeys to his home town, dons a tattered Erskine uniform, and leads the Pottsville boys to victory, putting into practice what he imbibed on Erskine's diamond.

Progressive Spartanburg called Mr. L. C. Blakely and he answered nobly. He is now one of the leading merchants of this Piedmont city. By strict business methods and personal supervision he has established an envious mercantile business, and is prominently associated with other capitalists in some of the largest cotton mills in South Carolina. But we know now why Blakely always refrained from loafing "Forbidden" in Due West, for, as his wife, we find one of the fairest of the fair of Spartanburg. And if any of you ever chance to visit this city, do not fail to search the establishment of the "Blakely Dry Goods Company," and "Blake" himself will welcome you.

Located in Charleston, S. C., "the city by the sea," is our classmate, W. M. Bonner. For a year after finishing here Bonner taught school; then, his love of chemistry conquering all other desires, he took the degree of Doctor of Pharmacy at Northwestern University, Chicago. He is now owner of the "Red Cross Drug Store" of Charleston, and is, indeed, prospering. Mr. Bonner still ignores the existence of womankind and is unmarried, which is sad, indeed; for we expected better things of him. We find him the same steady, ever-true "Walt" that we knew in the good old days.

If you will visit the town of Ora, S. C., you will not find the name of Byrd unknown there. Yes, this is the same old "R. D." we knew, and he is doing as many wonders in the practice of medicine as he did in college baseball; for he is now "R. D. Byrd, M.D.," having completed the medical course at Harvard University. As do most wanderers, he came back to the scenes of his youth, and is doing much for his community. The life of a physician is truly hard, but Byrd never shirks a duty. The presence of the Doctor among us tonight is, indeed, an honor.

During our college life we always thought W. F. Harkey would remain true to Charlotte and the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. So it is. Mr. Harkey chose journalism as the field for his labors, and now occupies the desk of editor-in-chief of the Charlotte *Observer*, which he served so faithfully while in Erskine. His editorials are eagerly sought by all, and are always spicy and to the point. His paper is an important factor in the political affairs of North Carolina, and is always true to Democratic principles. Mr. Harkey's home is

graced by the presence of one of the daughters of the Woman's College of Due West, and seems to be a very happy one.

I did not have any trouble locating Rev. Thomas Jefferson Irwin. He completed his study of theology at the Baptist seminary in Louisville, Ky., and is today pastor of the church of that denomination in Chester, S. C. "Leave Chester?" That thought never came to our classmate. His sermons on Baptism and Predestination are well known and often quoted in South Carolina. A certain Due West young lady could not resist the pleadings of this young divine; he took her to Chester with him, and no longer has he to make pilgrimages across the brook Chickasaw.

With us tonight I see another laborer, Rev. R. C. Grier, who is at home on a vacation. Mr. Grier studied theology in the Seminary at Erskine, and afterwards took a post-graduate course at Princeton. Feeling the call of the foreign field, he took up his work in China, taking with him as his wife one of the fairest young ladies of the Palmetto State. Mr. Grier's work is, indeed, hard, but he is devoted to it, and even now results in bringing light to the inhabitants of the East are evident.

We all thought that J. S. Ketchin would go into the theatrical business, but such was not the case. Ketchin studied dentistry in the University of Maryland, and now we must know him as J. Shaw Ketchin, D.D.S. He practiced for a short time in Winnsboro, S. C., but his University elected him to fill one of the important chairs in the Dental Department, and now you will find him in Baltimore. "Shaw" managed to find his ideal of womanhood in a lady of Baltimore, and all predictions as to his matrimonial course were shattered. It is said that the Doctor is present at every minstrel that visits his city.

J. N. Lesslie is now a prosperous insurance man, located at Rock Hill, S. C. Here he has established the Southern office of his company, and has control of the work in North and South Carolina and Georgia, and has built up a fine business. "Sandy" is also president of the Commercial Club of his city, prominent in all business affairs, and a diligent worker in the A. R. P. Church. Lesslie was true to his first love, and we find his home one of the most beautiful in Rock Hill.

"E. M. Lynn, Physician and Surgeon," is what we find among the professional cards in the papers of Covington, Tenn. This is our old "Estes" who after leaving Erskine, took an M.D. degree from Vanderbilt, and also from Bellevue, New York city. He is the leading physician of his city, and prominent in the medical circles of the State, and author of several articles appearing in the current medical journals. We see the reason why Dr. Lynn deserted palmy Florida for Tennessee, for, ruling in his home, we find one of the belles of Covington.

J. A. Matthews seems to have been the financier of our number. After leaving college, he returned to Tennessee and began investigations along the line of phosphate mining, which is a prominent industry there. Matthews has been successful in this, and is now president and chief owner of the Columbia Phos-

plate Company, of Columbia, Tenn., one of the most successful incorporated companies in the South. This gentleman would not forsake the girls of Tennessee for those of South Carolina, and in his home we find a Tennessean who cheers "Allen" with her smiles.

I indeed hate to report to the class the sad disappointment which awaits us in regard to our beloved President, Mr. M. G. McDonald, who ever was a prominent ladies' man, yet, I find him still unmarried; and when I sought the reason was told that it was on account of his book, "Why Women Should Not Vote," which banished the question of woman suffrage from our country some time ago. However, the bachelor is a thriving attorney-at-law, located in Atlanta, Ga., where he holds positions of trust and high honor, but has always refused to come out in the race for United States Senator, much to the sorrow of his many friends. You can find the Honorable "Dooley" at the Hotel Kimball, Atlanta.

But Mr. W. C. Miller did not prove untrue to our expectations, and we find reigning in his home in St. Louis, Mo., just whom we would expect. It is good to have Mr. Miller with us tonight, but his time is valuable, for he is one of the busiest architects in the Middle West, and has planned several of the most beautiful buildings in the country. Only today he submitted prints of the new State Capitol, to be soon erected at Columbia, S. C. "William C." is certainly master of his art.

From the North comes to our reunion Mr. M. W. Patrick, who went from Erskine to Cornell, where he studied electrical engineering. The South truly lost a good man when Patrick went to Chicago, but his tendencies toward this course could be plainly seen even while he was in Erskine. He has made several inventions of importance to the world of electricity. "Pat" has an honorary degree from Cornell, and bids fair to stand at the head of his profession.

Naught-Ten has given another of its members to the medical fraternity in the person of Mr. M. R. Plaxco. After finishing his studies at Harvard, Dr. Plaxco spent two years abroad, and on his return was elected professor in Vanderbilt University. He now has charge of the department of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; and he is one of the most promising young physicians in the South today. One who knows him tells me that in his home on Fifth avenue, Nashville, there is a large graphophone, but with only one record. It is useless to tell my classmates that this is "Annie Laurie."

After leaving college Mr. C. B. Williams taught school in his native North Carolina for several years, and a short time ago was elected State Superintendent of Education. His high standard in Erskine he still maintains in all his public duties. But we do not find Prof. Williams alone, for with him is a daughter of the old D. W. F. C., and a native of Mecklenburg county. By the way, Mr. Williams is the author of several texts used in the public schools of North and South Carolina.

Mr. C. E. Williamson entered the Law Department of the University of South Carolina soon after leaving Due West. He is now a member of the bar

of the State, located at Greenwood, as he could not remove himself far from the scenes of his college life. With him we will find one known to us, a Wylie Home Co-ed, but that is another story. This member of our class seems to be starting out well, for we hear rumors of his representing Greenwood county in the next Legislature. He has the good wishes of all present.

Classmates, this completes the roll, and your history for the past ten years is one we should be proud of. We have been true to our *Alma Mater*, to our country, and to our God. Your record is filled with the principles of morality, charity is its corner-stone, and love is the keystone that binds all together.

What has the class of nineteen hundred and ten accomplished in the world? The above report ably responds to the query. Of the eighteen good men and true who received their diplomas on June sixth, 1910, not one has failed. Now, my classmates, as we part again, and are scattered far and wide to the earth's remotest bounds, it is truly a joy to each one of us to know that the other is nobly performing every duty, and will do so until the end.

“So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.”

BRICE PRESSLY MOFFATT

Erskine Class of 1910

Dear Alma Mater, great in praise, no song
Of ours can mar or paint thy lofty pride;
But take of us, who leave shall take ere long,
These poor unmeaning lines which we inscribe.

Kind Alma Mater, 'midst thy learned walls
Our cup of blessed lore at length we drain,
And now when Fate's impressive beckon calls
These sons to fill her ranks on land and main,
Like soldiers true we yield; but ere we pass,
Uncovered, that like o'er-tones of thy bell
Thy benison may fall upon our class,
We give a tear in token of farewell.

These bells that ring so merrily today
As we are ushered on life's broad highway,
In keen echo bid joy; but, re-echoing, knell
In each glad heart the sorrow of farewell.
But hark! In music soft yon orbs of fire
Forever sing of deeds in Heaven's choir;
Then let us join our voices in the song
And sing forever with the heavenly throng.
But, friends, ere we upon life's journey start,
Let's meet once more in laughter, light of heart,
And drink our pledges with that emblem rife,
Which like our bold eighteen in college life,
In union stands as it in clusters grew,
And scarlet shone beneath the morning dew.
And now that dew's supplanted by tears heart-sprung
That friendship's chord may never be unstrung.



Senior Class History



"Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew:
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe."

"We clamb the hill tegither ———,
And mony a canty day
We've had wi' ane anither."

NO man knoweth what a day may bring forth; much less four years, and especially four years of such momentous importance as those which intervene in the experience of the average college student, between the day of matriculation and that of graduation. Marvelous, at least, are the transformations which these years effect upon the thoughts, ideals and aspirations of the college boy. To relate in a brief way some of the experiences that have conspired to effect these transformations in the lives of the graduating class is our present task.

Note that we have used the term *college boy*; for our record is, in the main, the record of boys. We make this statement in the face of the fact that, when we were first organized as a class, we were blessed — if the word *blessed* can be rightly applied to the Freshman class — with the smiling faces of five "co-eds." For, since girls don't have the misfortune of getting "freshed," our "co-eds" had no share in the memorable events of our first eventful year; and by the time we had become sufficiently "climatized" to begin making history for ourselves, the girls had already begun forsaking us.

Well, who were we that such should have been our fate? Thereby hangs the explanation. From town, hamlet and rural scene we had come, a motley group, representing various localities from the hills of North Carolina and the everglades of Florida on the east to the wilds of Arkansas on the west. We were a typical group of college boys, lacking, perhaps, every excellence, except a capacity for improvement.

But to our history. When the college bell rang for chapel on the morning of September 14th, 1906, some half hundred "Fresh" — in these later days called "new students" — might have been seen marching in amid the din of what seemed to be a thousand voices yelling "Fresh!" From that time we were full-fledged students of Erskine College. Our first great dread — not to mention the paddles of the Sophs — was entrance examination. After a few days of hard work and doubt, however, forty-eight of us were assured that we were to be enrolled in the Freshman class.

The year passed with little in our experience foreign to the usual experience of the first-year student. We had our "bumps," of course; but in the light of later years these appear as only pleasant and necessary features of the training which college life affords. During the year several of our number fell out of ranks. In fact, our force decreased so rapidly that, when the roll was called at the opening of the second year, nineteen of those whose faces we had seen at the opening of the first year were absent. As a partial compensation for this loss, however, we added to our roll eight new names: Alexander, Curry, Harkey, Miss Lander, Lynn, Oates, Moffat and Williams. During this year we further lost from our ranks Miss Ida Dunlap and "Alec" Wren, having, after all balances, an enrollment of thirty-five.

This year we were "Sophs," the terror of all the new students, the bore of the whole town, and, in our opinion, the embodiment of good looks, tasty dress, fine physique and keen wits. But we were not such terrors after all. We killed nobody, nor even hurt anybody very badly, stole no pigs or turkeys — not reporting, however, on chickens and potatoes — in fact, we were only boys, just well enough acquainted with college life to feel perfectly at home on the campus, and just frivolous enough never to entertain thoughts sufficiently serious to keep us awake after 2 a. m.

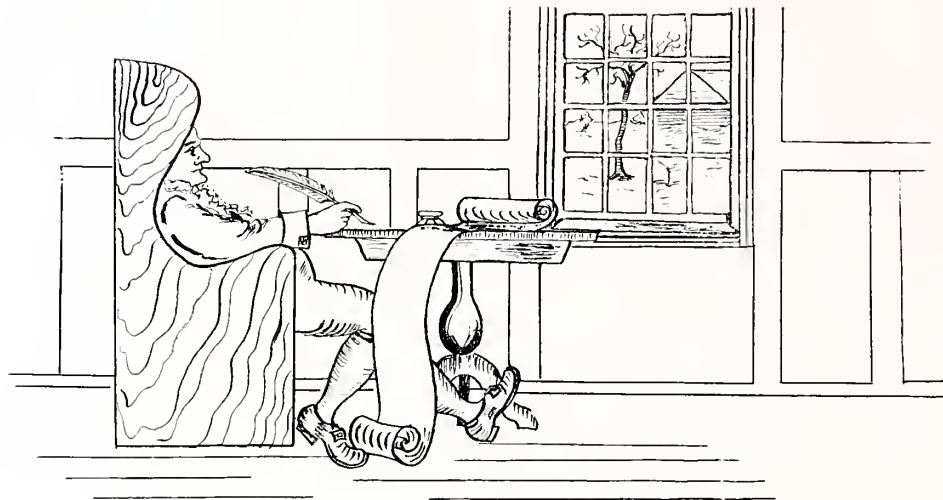
Our most signal accomplishments in studies this year were the complete mastery (?) of "Trig," and the acquisition of special skill (?) in the manipulation of the surveyor's instruments. And the fall and the spring were the second year.

Another vacation came and went. September again; and we were back at Erskine. Roll-call again revealed the truth that we were still losing. This time we numbered only twenty-nine. It was our happy experience, however, to revive from the dusty annals of the past the name of J. N. Lesslie and add the same to our list. With this addition we set out on another stage of the journey towards our goal, thirty in number. But of this score and a half still others were destined to fall out of the race. This year we lost Brownlee, Oates, Young, and worse still, one of the "co-eds" who had kept with us so faithfully. So, for the remainder of the year, we missed the pleasant face of Miss Lily Robinson.

This year was a transitional period in our college course. Hence, nothing of signal importance is to be looked for in our record. The Junior is, in a sense, always an unobtrusive character. His position is peculiarly unfortunate. He has lost the high-sounding qualities that were his a year ago, and has not yet acquired any distinguishing degree of the dignity that awaits his command a year hence. Such was our position this year. But, as is generally the case with the unobtrusive character, we spent the year quite profitably. Among the fruits of our efforts was the cultivation of what we hope will prove a lifelong friendship with Messrs. Remsen, Hopkins, Arnold, Macaulay and other worthies from the fields of science, philosophy and literature. Now the rest of the acts of the Juniors, the parts they played on the athletic field and in the class-room, are they not recorded in *ERSKINIANA* of '09?

For the fourth time the college bell called us into chapel for the opening exercises. Again we found our number smaller than before. Glancing down the line, we missed the faces of some of our most valiant comrades. The list of absences numbered seven:—Alexander, Bryson, Cannon, Curry, Kirkpatrick, Shelton and Miss Walker. With a keen sense of loss we struck these names from our list; but on the roll of memory we left their names ineffaceably written. Again, with the addition of Grier, we rearranged our class roll, only to find our number reduced to eighteen. But as numbers decreased the ties of fellowship grew stronger. Class spirit, too, ran high. We believe that in the whole history of the college no class has ever acted with greater unity or has ever used its numbers with more effect than did ours. We do not claim to have found the "Archimedean fulcrum," or to have figured out the solution of the "problem of three bodies;" but ours was the less stilted task of solving the various problems arising from the regular class work, and at the same time operating together as a class to advance the various subsidiary interests that contribute to the life of the institution. However much we may have missed the mark, our aim has been to create an atmosphere of true aristocracy, the rule of the best over the worst. We have sought "to unlock the golden treasures of the heart and make them the common coin of the realm." What little we have had of brain, of time, of general ability, we have given unstintedly. And above all, we have striven to cultivate a spirit of life-long fellowship among ourselves. In this we believe we have been successful. Using a thought suggested by a recent article in our college magazine, we have developed a certain feeling of fraternal interest, of fellowship, of brotherly love, or whatever you may choose to call it. For four years we have seen life in the same colors and through the same eyes. Ours has been a community—yes, almost an identity—of hopes, of aspirations, of interests. In college we have lived a common life. In fact, our whole career has been a confidential and sympathetic intercourse of like with like. It is this spirit of communism, this feeling of fellowship, this animating, pulsing principle of brotherhood that has been the goal of our efforts. And may that Power that nurtures the tender shoots of human affections bring to a fuller maturity the plants which we here commit to His keeping against the blightings of Time.

"Then, here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray.
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May;
And when we are done with our life-lasting joys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the boys."



K NOW All Men By These Presents, That We, the Class of 1910, in view of our approaching dissolution, do hereby make our last Will and Testament, and thus dispose of all our property, both personal and

I.

To Dr. Moffatt, our esteemed and honored President, we bequeath all rational powers and gifts of metaphysical insight to be used in bringing to light the obscure truths centering around the metaphysical explanation of psycho-physical parallelism. Further, we bequeath to him a Morocco-bound copy of the 1910 edition of Dr. Eliot's treatise on "How to Secure Chapel Attendance." Finally, we bequeath to him a laurel wreath as a reward for his meritorious triumph over youthful chivalrous affections as formerly manifested in the '70's and '80's by a doffing of the cap along that once frequented path of pleasure—Forbidden.

2

To Dr. McCain, a bottle of Johnson's Chill Tonic that he may drink to his health along with his drinking deeply at the Pierian spring of Shakes-"beer."

3

To Prof. Reid, sufficient gas for lighting purposes and for enlightening the public as to the credit due the installer of the system.

4

To Prof. Pressly, the "horse" of the crafty Ulysses; to Prof. Galloway, a year's subscription to the pressing-club; may Prof. Long "do very well" in his criticisms of chapel orators; may Prof. McDill's smooth brow never become

wrinkled from the cares of married life; to Prof. Grier, a card receiver for his potato patch.

5

To each member of the Senior Class of 1911, a pair of hob-nailed shoes for geological jaunts.

6

To the Sophomores, a vault under the President's room in which to bury forever from the eyes of emerald freshmen all paddles, straps, and other instruments of torture, together with the Royal Seal.

7

To the Freshman Class, we bequeath a lemon.

8

To the Senior Preps, a bolt of crepe to wear in memory of their deceased younger brother.

9

The successes achieved on Mt. Chickasaw by M. Ross Plaxco and T. Jefferson Irwin, to H. K. Taylor and J. S. Moffatt of the Junior Class.

10

To Bruce Tinkler and Harry Lindsay, a recommendation of silence for the space of three and four years respectively.

11

To the future Wylie Home, a gross of chemical fire extinguishers.

12

To those teachers of the Woman's College who are accustomed to get lost while on their evening rambles, a tourist's guide-book of Due West and vicinity.

13

To Mrs. Alice Brice, "calm seas and auspicious gales" for her future voyage of life.

14

To Due West, a vote of thanks for the hospitality and credit extended to us during our sojourn here.

This, the 7th Day of June, 1910.

DUE WEST, SOUTH CAROLINA.



Junior Class Organization

President

JOHN GALLOWAY BARRON.....South Carolina

Vice-President

WILLIAM LUTHER NEWTON.....Mississippi

Secretary and Treasurer

JOHN MARTIN LAIRD.....Alabama

Historian

BRICE TEMPLETON DICKSON.....South Carolina

Colors — Royal Blue and White

Yell —

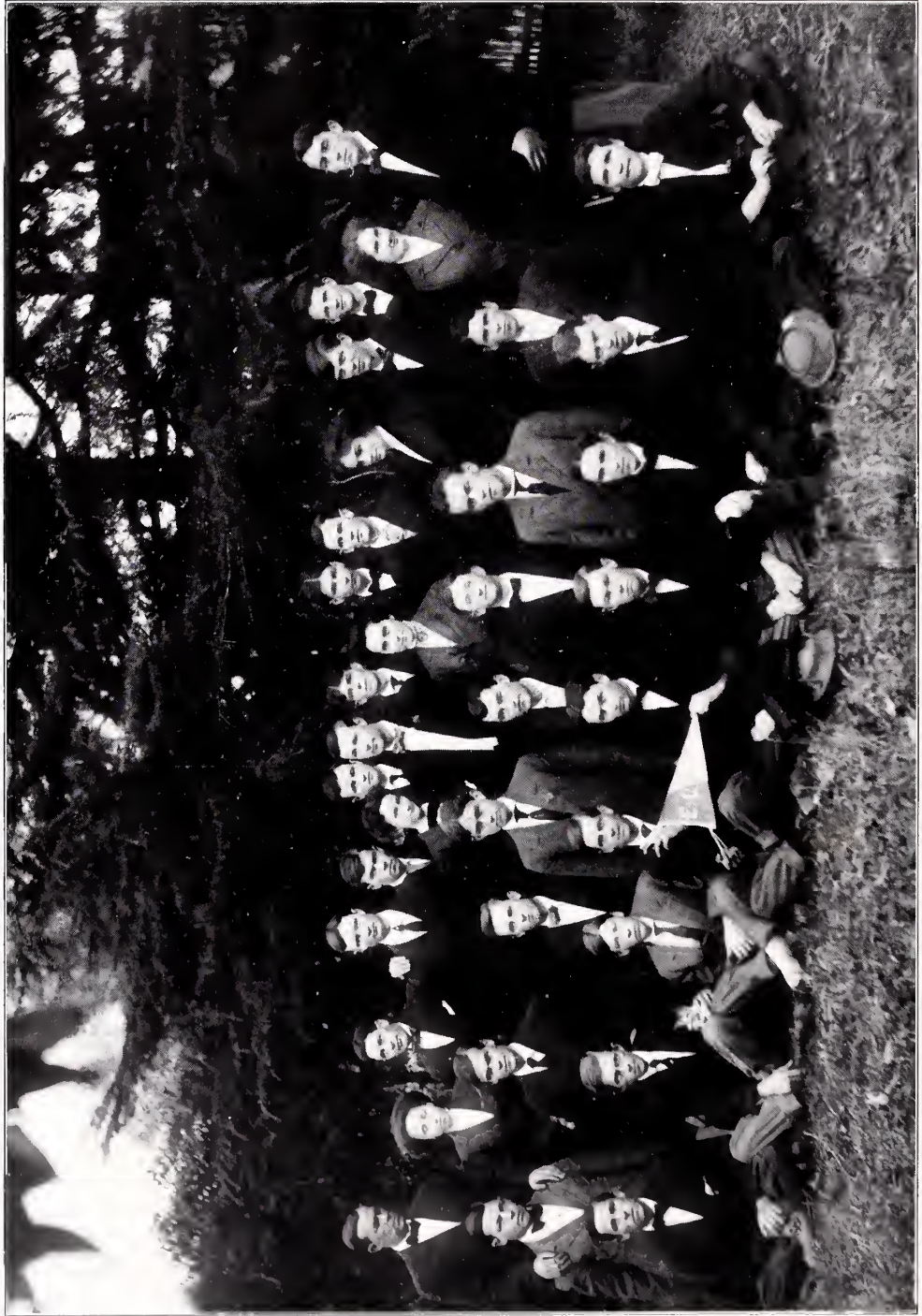
Wah, hoo, wah!

Wah, hoo, wah!

Basis virtutum constantia!

1911, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Motto — *Basis virtutum constantia*



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Roll

Agnew, John Coleman	Crawford, Daniel Givens
Barron, John Galloway	Davis, Omar G.
Bell, Earl P.	Dickson, Brice Templeton
Betts, Charles Bynum	Gibson, Ralph Moses
Bigham, Miss Maud	Grier, Robert Ralph
Bryson, James Lauderdale	Grier, Rufus Alexander
Caldwell, John Steele	Harris, Albert Grady
Chiles, William Thomas	Hardeman, Frank
	Huey, William Ellis
Kennedy, John Pressly	Rogers, James Orr
Laird, John Martin	Sloan, Miss Mattie
McDill, Claude	Sloan, Ernest
Moffatt, James Strong	Stevenson, Ralph E.
Newton, William Luther	Stewart, Miss Jennie
Nixon, Miss Ilda Jean	Taylor, Hugh Kerr
Phagaa, Howard Artemis	Tribble, James Conde
Rea, Lester McCleese	Watson, Archie Cowan
	White, William Garner



Junior Class History



"History's lessons, if you'll read 'em,
Will impart this truth to thee—
Knowledge is the price of freedom;
Know thyself, and you are free."

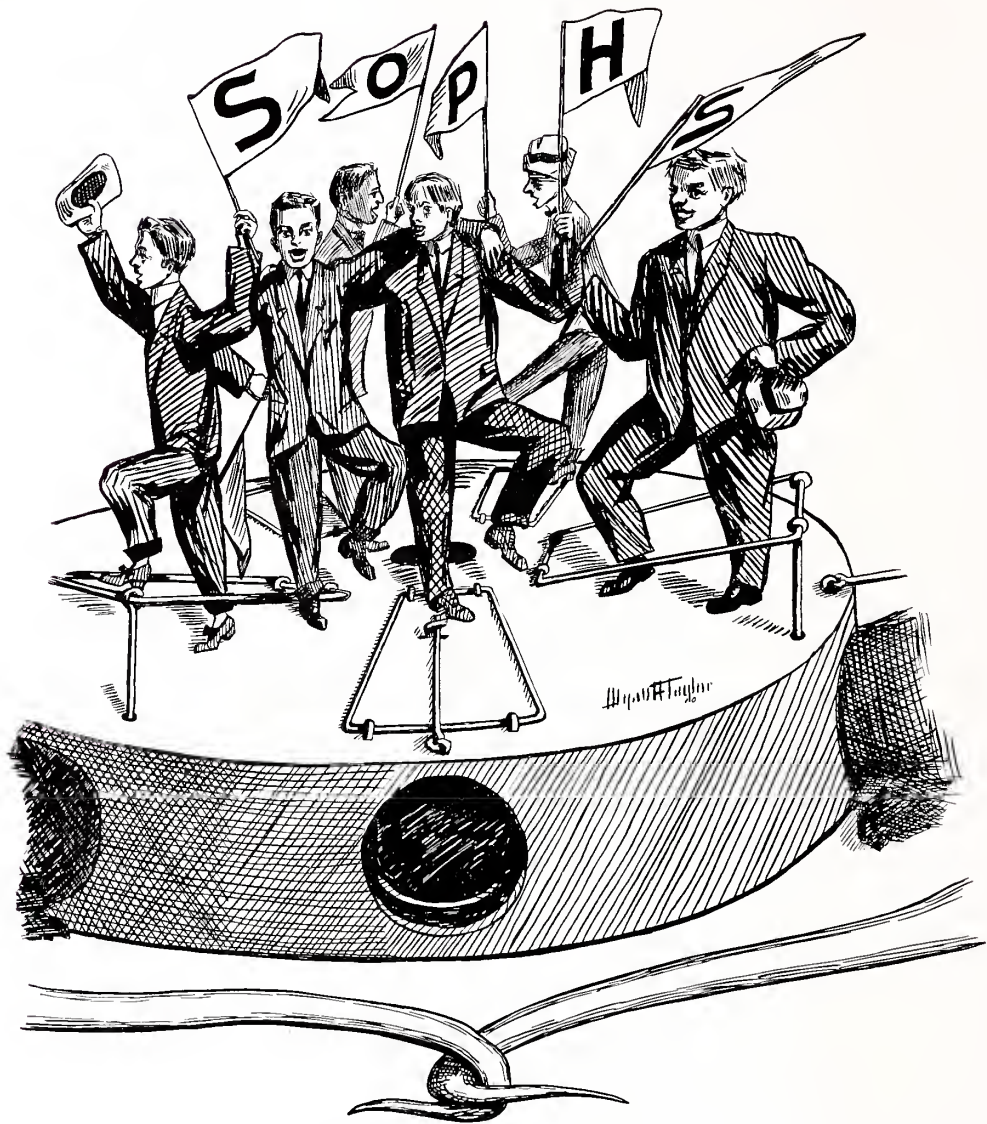
IN September 11th, 1907, when Due West was fairly beaming with the radiance of merry greetings, hearty hand-shakings and care-free college songs, there might have been seen some boys out of tune with this merriment, who wished rather to be alone and solace themselves with their meditations. These unfortunates were "Fresh," or new boys if you choose, who, having decided to make a conquest of knowledge, had come to join the Erskine brigade. For several days, when every one else was idle, we dodged paper bags, carried water, lugged up trunks, sang solos, made speeches and danced for the unquenchable mirth of the upper-classmen, while at the same time we went to a set of wise-looking old men who gave us long essays to write, "difficilia verba" to translate, and X²s and Y²s to simplify. Soon, however, we began to know each other better, and to realize that we composed that strong, that versatile, that ambitious and excellent class of 1911.

The chapel roll was increased by forty-three names, five of which were preceded by "Miss" co-eds conceded to be the most handsome and brilliant in college. Having gotten our bearings we set out to do the tasks that were set before us. There had been recently elected to the faculty a great, long, assistant English professor, and besides English, he threw Algebra and Latin at us in unlimited quantities. We applied the principles of composition to Irving's Sketch Book and about one-half the books in the Library, besides knowing perfectly the "immortalising characteristicabilities" and lovalibilities of Shakespeare. We became skilled riders, also, and whether on "horses" or "ponies" we rode pretty successfully with Cicero from Catalme's conspiracy even to his old age. We learned that millions of lines could be passed through one point and that we could "fall" through it even then. It was hard, sure enough, for Prof. Grier himself failed to make a sufficient rise while tracing a curve over the campus fence. Baseball season came on and the team looked to us for two fine players, while our class team was a potent factor in all the class games. Cupid began shooting his darts, and some of our class were fearless enough to receive severe and probably permanent wounds. Loafing "Forbidden" and making "Wickets" became a luxury frequently indulged in, and 'twas during this year that the edict went forth that the students must not "loaf, linger or loiter about the grounds of the Female College." Commencement, the most joyous event to the freshman, soon came, and passed, and we experienced the joys of vacation at home with our loved ones, free from the sounds of the old bell and the rigor of the dusty class rooms.

"Father Time" passed with winged feet and we were back at school with another year's work before us—with also the responsibility of bringing up a

large class of verdant recruits aright. Some of our class-mates failed to return, but their vacancies were filled, in part, by the entrance of five new students who have proven themselves worthy of the class of 1911. We were no longer timid, wild-looking "Fresh," but wise, fearless "Sophs," daring to do anything. We said unto a freshman "go," and he went, to another "come," and he came. Erskine's law-makers conceived the idea of stamping out hazing; threatening clouds hovered over the institution for a few days on account of it, but sunshine came; we kept on hazing, and all was smooth enough. We had a sort of passive existence, the monotony of which was broken only by Thanksgiving, Christmas, an occasional lyceum number, baseball and other minor attractions that are wont to flash in the "dim, religious light" of our little village. We still took a little college work. History was very interesting, and we wondered at the breadth of knowledge of Froissart's Chronicles and Greene's History. The beauty and perfection of the Greek language or the laws of Newton, Pascal, Boyle and Archimedes were more or less assimilated. In "Trig," we met with a jargon of sin, cos, csc, log tan, etc., but the practical work in surveying was interesting, especially the morning we surveyed around the Female College. The transit telescope we used must have been defective for one boy could always see a wire fence whenever he looked through it. The baseball team drew three players from our class, who helped to land the pennant for Erskine in our college league. In addition to this, several of our members were elected to responsible positions in the Athletic Association. All this time "Forbidden" still possessed its attractions for us, and practice had added much to our gestures and manner of doffing our hats. The faculty exempted three or four boys from college work for a few days that they might have no interruption while loafing "Forbidden," and since then every loafer has had to have the proper amount of nerve and courage to venture on this sacred precinct.

Another three months' vacation served to temper our mettle somewhat, and now we are juniors — possessing none of the timidity of the freshman, only part of the wisdom (?) of the sophomore, and a tiny tinge of the dignity of a senior. A few more have dropped out, and a few more dropped in, until we are now thirty-three — the largest class in college. The path of the junior is by no means an unruffled one. Chemistry itself possesses a thousand terrors. We haven't learned exactly whether we are in elementary or compound state, but there must be a less volatile substance than we somewhere near for we have a constant tendency to pass off. We have become so much acquainted with Macaulay and Arnold that we know exactly what they would think or say on any occasion. Our athletic capacity has again been shown in the selection of a junior for captain of this year's baseball team. No one can forget our tennis player, and the "monkies" he made of other players at the tournament last fall. Our class furnished two delegates to the National Students' Conference, held in Rochester, N. Y. We all hope to steer clear of the dangerous shoals of a seventy and to be seniors ere long. We look back with pride on the days when we were freshmen and sophomores, and are glad they are cast aside in the role of the past, accessible only through memory. It matters not to what phase of college life you turn — and they are various — the versatile class of 1911 will be strongly in evidence.



Sophomore Class Organization

President

JAMES H. B. JENKINS.....South Carolina

Secretary and Treasurer

MISS JEAN HARRIS.....South Carolina

Historian

DAVID THOMAS LAUDERDALE.....South Carolina

Colors— Garnet and Black

Yell—

Hack - a - rack - a boom - a - lack - a

Sis Boom Bah!

1! 9! 1! 2!

Rah! Rah! Rah!



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Roll

Allen, Theron J.	Harris, Miss Jean
Alexander, John Lee	Harris, Claude E.
Arnold, Olive Beatrice	Henry, William John
Bigham, Joseph Lowry	Jenkins, James Hemphill Boyce
Blair, James Luther	Jones, James Clarence
Boyce, Dale Everette	Ketchin, Samuel Cathcart
Boyce, James Harry	Kidd, James Lowry
Cartledge, Thomas Davidson	Lauderdale, David Thomas
Gettys, Robert Alexander	McMurray, Leroy
Grier, Joseph Lee	Oates, William Thomas
Quinn, Walter H.	Stancill, Jesse Clyde
Sandifer, Rose Evelyn	Tinkler, Samuel Alexander
Roddey, Samuel Lathan	Tinkler, Bruce R.
Snell, Jamie Hunter	Webb, Harold Robinson
Squires, Leona Clayton	Wiseman, Hunter



Sophomore Class History



ON September 9, 1908, thirty-nine verdant, timid Freshmen assembled at Erskine College, and right then and there began one of the most memorable conflicts in all history. It was a struggle to win our way through the Freshman into the Sophomore class. The forces opposing us were drawn up in a most formidable line of battle; the faculty, nine strong, was armed with powerful and sundry weapons of war. Prof. Grier, with his thundering Mathematical canons, kept loaded by Prof. Reid's Scientific powder and shot, bombarded us incessantly. Dr. McCain, in his thorough knowledge and practice of the tactics of Biblical warfare, caused us much alarm by vigorously attacking us in our weak points. Prof. Long, blowing vehemently upon his Rhetorical bugle, struck terror to our hearts. Divers threats were made against us by Dr. Moffatt. "Be it hereby known," he proclaimed, "that if you naughty Freshmen don't stay off of neutral, and therefore 'forbidden,' territory, I will take summary vengeance upon you, you incorrigible scape-graces." And their classical battle song, "O, you Fresh, you had better lie low!" led by Prof. John, and warmly joined in by Professors McDill and Galloway with their Mezzo Soprano and Basso Profundo voices respectively, created consternation among even the bravest of our number. For nine long months the conflict raged with varying fortune but undiminished fervor. Our only hope lay in winning seventy per cent. in our studies. We got busy. From early morning till late at night we worked. Finally came the critical day. Examinations were upon us. The professors, armed with long lists of brain-puzzling questions, pounced down upon us. It was win or lose! They began to catechise; we began to get scared. Our memories became hazy; but after all hope of success had departed a fraction of intelligence returned to us. To make a long story short, we passed! We were transformed into all-wise, all-important Sophomores!

On September 15, 1909, we were in Due West again, ready to take up another year's work. We strutted about with all the vanity characteristic of the true Sophomore; and we frowned severely upon all Fresh who had the audacity to look otherwise than meek in our august presence. When the class-roll was called, we were grieved to find that seven of our number had not returned. It caused regret to us all, and doubtless heart-sickness to some, that four of the fairest young ladies of our class would be with us no more. There was much consolation, however, when we remembered that our recitation periods would still be brightened by six sweet girlish faces. In a very short time we had forgotten our former troubles, for our minds were taxed to the utmost by the unlimited number of perplexing problems which appear in Sophomore text-books. Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physics, Greek, Latin, Political Economy, History, English, and Bible—all had to be digested and assimilated by our often confused and

bewildered minds. We waded through the Logarithmic quagmires. Sometimes the slippery places caused our feet to fly from under us and we went sliding down into the waters over our heads. Sometimes we scrambled out through our own exertions; sometimes, drenched to the skin, puffing and blowing, we had to be extricated by our amused instructor. The year was one marked often by failure, often by success. We worked hard. We grappled bravely with our studies; and we hope that when commencement arrives, we shall have finished the Sophomore year with credit to ourselves and to those who have so faithfully instructed us.

Farewell, Old Year! A last affectionate farewell to thee. We forgive thee for all the perplexities, trials, and failures thou hast brought us. We thank thee for all the knowledge, hope, and victories thou hast given us. Our remembrance of thee shall always be sweet. The friendships we have formed shall ever be precious. The many kindnesses shown us by fellow-students and by all members of the faculty shall linger pleasantly in our minds throughout all the coming years.

May the next year find us all in the Junior Class, applying ourselves with renewed zeal and determination, and accomplishing far greater things than we did this year. With the inspiring lines of Longfellow kept ever before us, we can, we will, we must succeed!

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

DAVID T. LAUDERDALE, HISTORIAN



FRESHMAN

Freshman Class Organization

W. CARLISLE WHITE.....*President*
JAY CARL CASHION.....*Vice-President*
PALMER PATTERSON.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
Miss LILLIAN CLINKSCALES.....*Historian*

COLORS :
Silver Grey and Orange



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Roll

Betts, E. M.	Lesslie, W. C.
Blakely, S. H.	Moore, J. T.
Bigger, J. A.	Nabers, J. H.
Cashion, J. C.	Orr, J. F.
Clinkscales, Miss Lillian	Patterson, D. P.
Edwards, G. C.	Ramsey, M. E.
Fleming, C. P.	Robinson, J. D.
Haddon, P. G.	Spencer, L. H.
Hanna, M. B.	Stewart, T. J.
Huey, W. A.	Strait, W. F.
Clinkscales, R. M.	Strong, J. E.
Jeter, Miss Frances	Sturgis, G. P.
Kerr, J. G.	Taylor, E. B.
Kidd, J. E.	Thompson, Miss F.
Kidd, G. E.	White, W. C.
Lesslie, W. S.	Whitner, H. E.



Freshman Class History



SEPTEMBER the 14th, 1909, is a day that the "Catechism" train of the South shall never forget. Then it proudly rolled into Due West with thirty-seven boys and three girls who were to constitute the members of the Freshman class. Most of these were as pilgrims in a strange land who had come to seek the hidden treasures of knowledge.

When the infants of Erskine began to assemble in the class rooms for the first few times, we would have given our all if we could have had the air of a sophomore, the appearance of a junior and the knowledge of a senior.

At first the faculty seemed to be somewhat despondent, but when they saw what an ambitious class had entered Erskine their sighs turned to laughter, for they realized that Erskine College was yet destined to turn out strong men and women.

We had scarce begun our year's work when our burdens seemed numerous and unbearable. We discovered that we must now depend on our own resources and strive on amid the throng without any kind words of encouragement from the upper-classmen.

Although our number is small, we believe that our class of lucky "13" has hidden in it poets, orators, novelists and athletes who will some day wear the wreaths of laurel. We will then begin to confer honors upon Erskine College.

LILLIAN CLINKSCALES, HISTORIAN.



PREPS!

Preparatory Roll

Barksdale, C. W.
Blackwell, D.
Boazman, F. E.
Bullington, L. E.
Clinkscales, M. B.
Cochrane, R. S.
Coleman, F.
Deaton, McK.
Davis, R. N.
Fleming, R. H.
Floyd, J. F.
Irwin, J. C.
Kerns, E. B.
King, A. G.
Lindsay, H. N.

Long, J. H.
McAuley, J. G.
Moffatt, W. G.
Nickles, G. H.
Nickles, J.
Pruitt, O. D.
Rogers, E. S.
Russell, J. M.
Seawright, H. G.
Simpson, J. S.
Stroup, W. O.
Thompson, W. F.
Todd, J. R.
Young, E.
Youngblood, F. M.



College Statistics



ONE of the comic weeklies recently said, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some can't tell how it happened to save their lives." This is no doubt the case with some of those who have been honored by their fellow-students.

David T. Lauderdale was voted the hardest student.

The contest for the ugliest student was such a heated one that it seems as if there is no "ugliest" student in college.

H. Kerr Taylor was given flattering plurality as the handsomest student.

It was fated that the Touchstone should come from the Sophomore class. S. Latham Roddey was chosen as the wit of the school.

For the most conceited man, the election resulted in a landslide for Moffatt Ross Plaxco.

There was a keen contest for "the biggest bluffer" title. "Piker" Bryson finally won out.

Hatch Long went in at a Dan Patch clip as the biggest spendthrift.

William Franklin Harkey won the title of the most dignified man in the institution.

The distinction of being the most versatile was conferred upon Moffatt G. McDonald.

In the balloting for the most unfortunate in love, a number of students voted for themselves. In spite of this handicap, Thomas Jefferson Erwin won by a vast majority.

William T. Chiles was voted the biggest ladies-man.

Ralph R. Grier was voted the most bashful student.

W. S. Leslie wiped up things in the race for the most modest man in college.

H. K. Taylor headed the list of those contesting for the most effeminate.

Moffatt G. McDonald was declared the neatest of the neat.

W. Anderson Huey and A. C. Watson crossed the line together in the biggest dude event.

Miss Mattie Sloan was declared the prettiest co-ed.

Miss Bunnie Kennedy was declared the prettiest girl at the Women's College of Due West.

The adherents of Lowry Coleman Blakely came to the polls in force, and voted him the laziest man in Due West.

Moffatt Grier McDonald, alias "Dooly," alias "Ty. Cobb," was voted the most popular by a handsome majority.

The majority voted for English as the favorite study.

John Lowry Pressly was declared the favorite professor.

Eighty per cent. admitted being in love. Some said they couldn't help it; others declared that it was none of the statistician's business.

Thirty per cent. preferred blondes; fifty per cent. brunettes; twelve per cent. preferred both or either one obtainable; eight per cent. voted for shades of hair ranging from maroon to royal purple.

The many desperate and painful attempts at wit were "wasted upon the desert air." In the main, however, the students took the voting seriously; and the statistician wishes to thank the students for their co-operation in the work.



A. R. T.



Department.

Art Editor

H. KERR TAYLOR, '11

Contributors

Miss Mattie Williams.....Bartow, Florida
Wyatt A. Taylor.....Greenville, S. C.
William Moffatt Grier.....Spartanburg, S. C.
Miss Lavinia Kennedy.....Due West, S. C.



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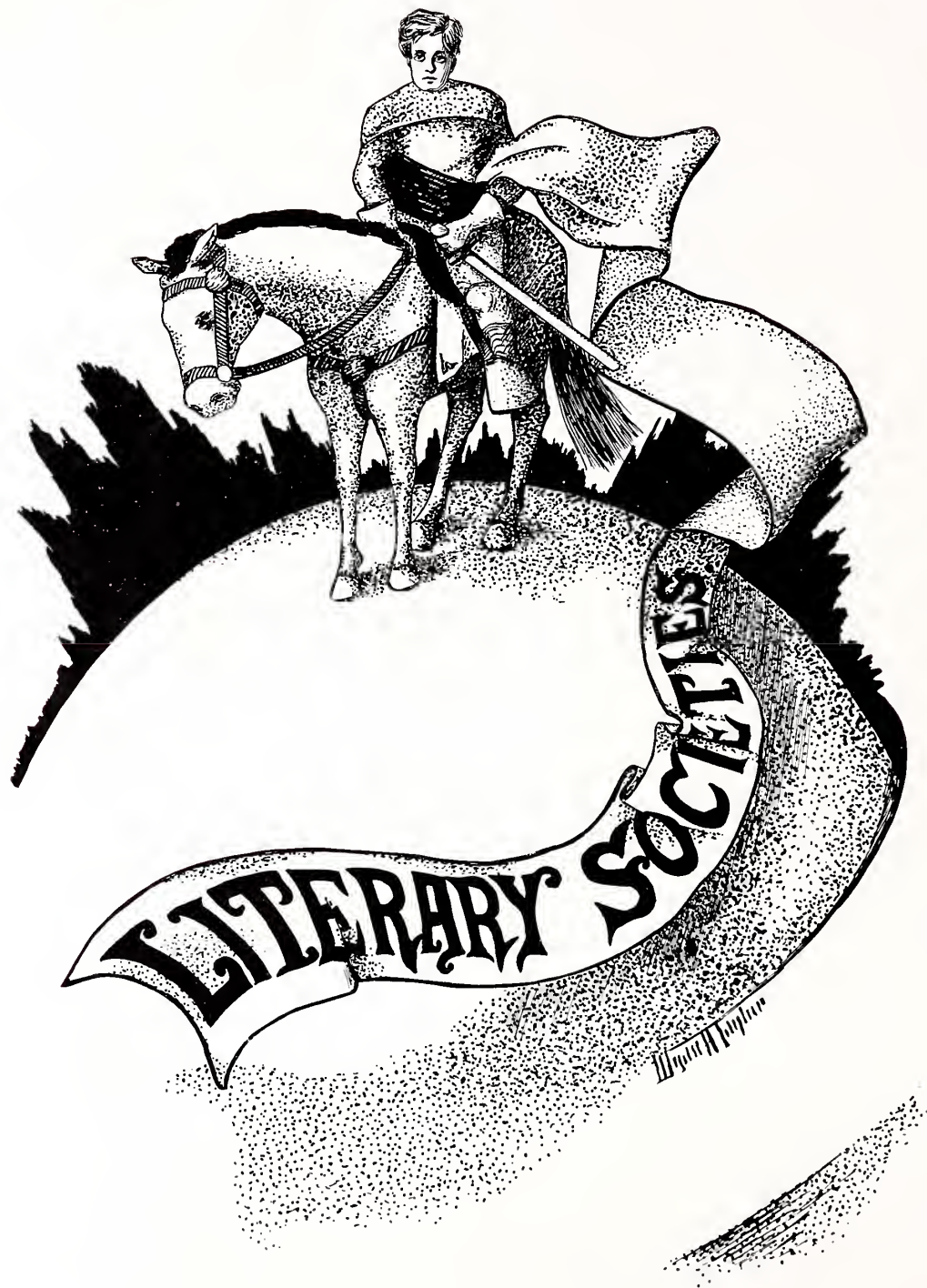
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EUPHONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



Euphemian Literary Society



ERSKINE COLLEGE was founded in 1836, with the purpose of giving the youth of the South, but more especially of the Church, the advantages of prayerful, careful training in the branches then considered necessary for their best development and advancement. In 1839, it was found that the young men needed practical knowledge and training in public speaking, debating, and essay writing, and for this purpose the Euphemian Literary Society was formed.

The Society was organized in November of this year, with R. A. Fair, of Abbeville, S. C., as President. The number that answered to the first roll-call is not known, but at the end of the collegiate year there were thirty-seven names enrolled.

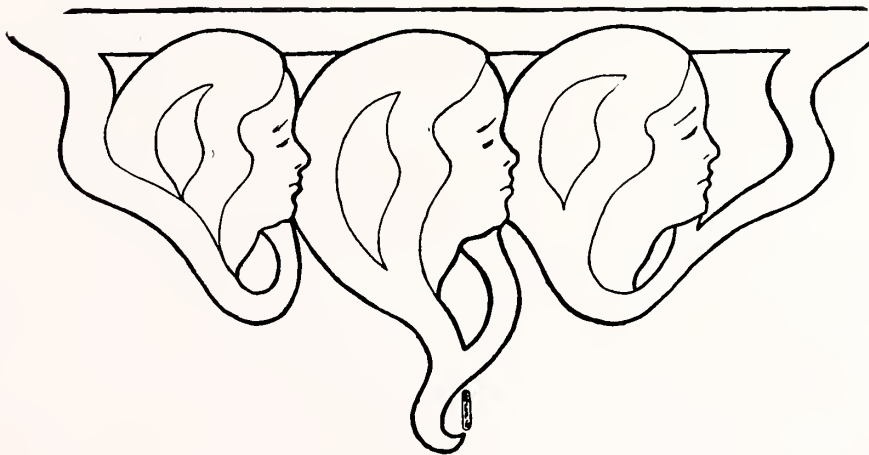
Two things, at least, can be cited which go to show the enthusiasm with which these young men entered into their work. First, the Constitution itself. With the help of two of the Professors of the College a constitution of which any institution might well be proud was framed and which, with a few changes to suit the times, is used today. Second, the name which they selected. "Euphemia" was suggested by the name of Mrs. Euphemia Young, wife of Prof. Young; but it was no doubt chosen because of its derivation. It comes from the two Greek words that mean "good speaking." Had the young men not been sincere in their purpose, the constitution would have long ago fallen through and a less appropriate name chosen.

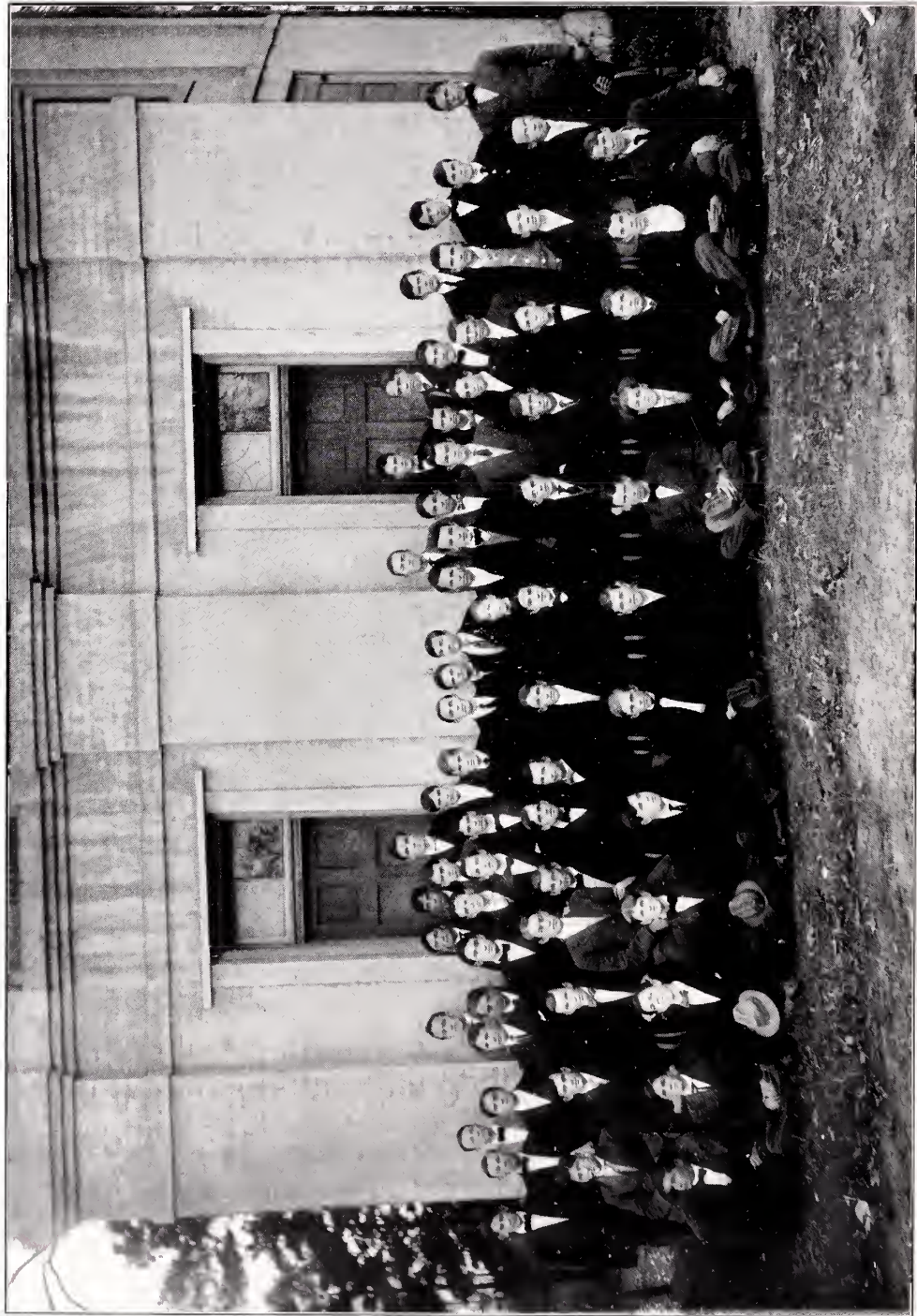
On account of the depressing financial conditions of the country at that time and for several years later, the members of the Society had to content themselves with some things which, later, it has been found necessary to change. The first badge worn by the members was a piece of blue ribbon about six inches long, on which was printed the motto, "*Non Dicere, sed apti Dicere.*" This was soon changed, however, and the present badge, a gold pin in the shape of a rhombus, was adopted. As the motto implied about the same thing as the name, the motto was now changed to the Greek expression for "Live for your Country and your God."

The lack of funds also made it necessary for the Society to hold its meetings in a room in the main college building for several years; but as this was an institution separate from the college, a society hall was needed. Aid could not be expected from the Synod and it was strictly up to the boys. They went to work with a will, but after they had raised a certain part of the necessary amount it seemed that they could get no further. However, at a meeting one afternoon, one of the members arose and in a very informal way offered to give the remaining twenty-five dollars. This was received amid great excitement and enthu-

siasm. It was not long until work began on the building, and on February 27th, 1858, the hopes of the members and alumni were realized when the corner stone was laid.

Since that time the hall has been remodeled and several times repaired, but Time has done her work and it is now in a somewhat dilapidated condition. As it does not seem to be economy to try to again remodel it, there is a movement on foot to build a new hall. Efforts to raise the necessary funds have so far been unsuccessful, but it is hoped that in the near future some one will give the necessary amount.





EUPHEMIAN SOCIETY



INTERIOR EUPHEMIAN HALL



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL





Philomathean Literary Society



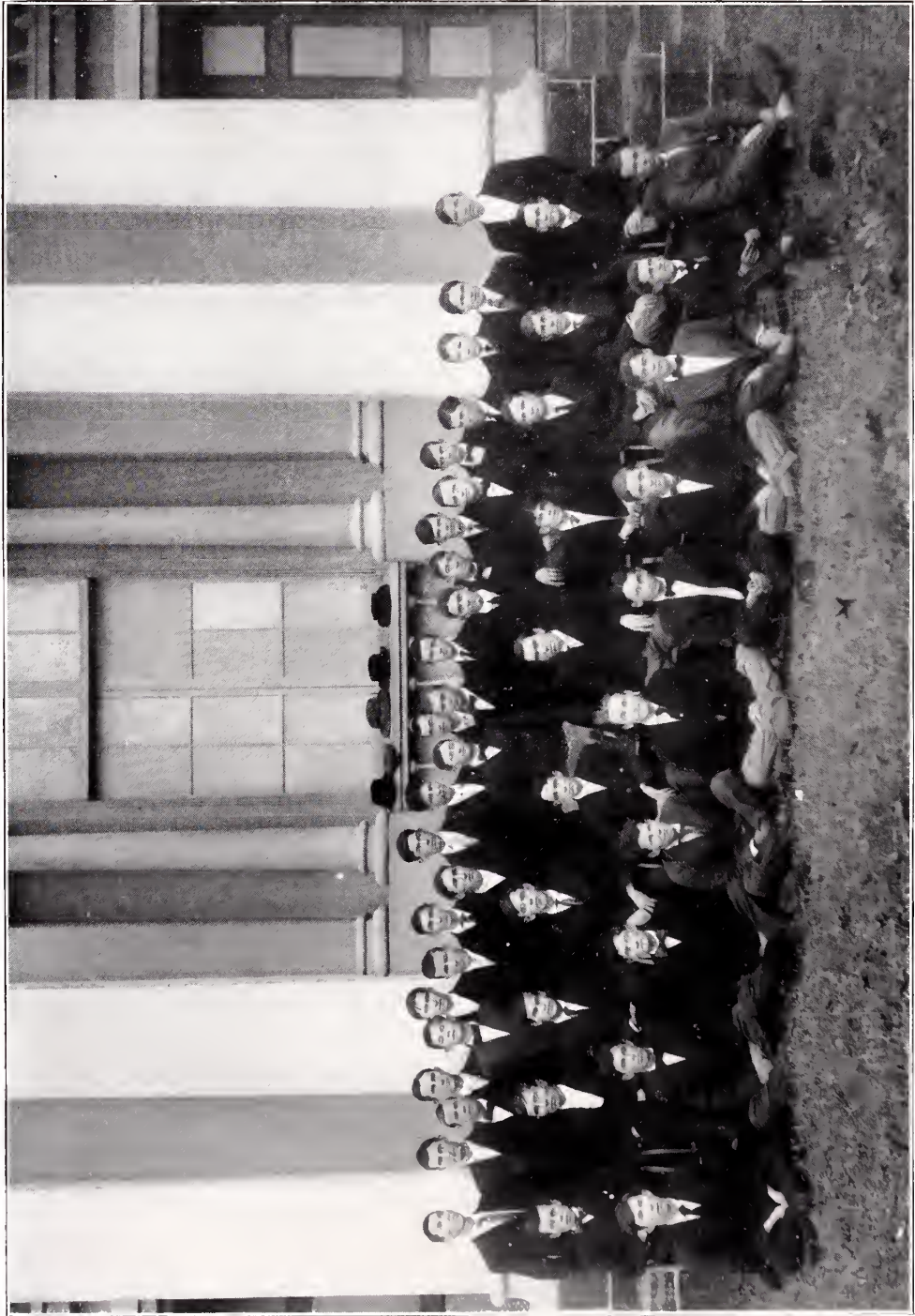
ON a beautiful night, in the year 1842, there gathered on Erskine campus under a star-canopied sky a group of students. As they discussed the advisability of forming another literary society, the suggestion was made that the emblem of the new society be a star, on which was inscribed the Greek letters A, A, S, E, S, signifying Brotherhood, Virtue, Wisdom, Hope, and Self-Control. From this nucleus sprung the Philomathean Literary Society. To these students will always belong the honor and glory of establishing a society—a society which has figured largely in the development of Erskine College.

With a history extending over a period of sixty-eight years of uninterrupted success, the Philomathean Literary Society has exerted a very vital influence in the lives of hundreds of young men who have come under her training. Not only in performing the functions of a literary society has she been active, but also in inspiring her members to truth and honor. Having as her ideal the development and training of men for lives of usefulness and service in the world, this society points with just pride to an untarnished record of usefulness. As testimonies of her noble training, hundreds of her alumni throughout the Southland are signally successful both in private and public life. In the forum, on the bench, in the pulpit, behind the editor's desk, and in the school-room, Philomathean's sons have carried the principles of virtue, wisdom, and self-control taught them by their society.

Having before them as mottoes, *Tentare est valere*, "To try is to succeed," and *Nil Desperandum*, "Never Despair," the new members entering upon their first duties in society work are encouraged to develop themselves into polished public speakers and debaters. In the long line of successful alumni, fitting testimony is paid to the training they received from essay-reading, declamation, and debating. Tempting the talents of the aspiring speakers, and inspiring the members to perfection in essay-writing, the society does much towards developing the talents of its members.

With the laudable record of more than three score years of successful work as a literary society, through her alumni shedding a benign influence over the Southland, with a future fraught with luring brightness and brilliancy, we hail Philomathean and say, "Continue thy noble mission. Let the coming generations feel the effect of thy bettering influence and enlightening hand. Give to the youth of Erskine high and noble ideals of character. Train them into full cultured men."

RUFUS ALEXANDER GRIER.



PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY



INTERIOR PHILOMATHEAN HALL



Roses



JANET OVERALL WILLIAMS

IN a narrow bed a sick child lay burning with fever. The heat of the day was parching and in the crowded tenement no breath of air stirred the soiled, flimsy curtain. Bare walls, bare floors — all desolate, like the pitiful life of the child inured to suffering and unknown to happiness.

The heart of the charity nurse ached under the stiff uniform of her order as she watched this poor little life; and yet, if she lived, nothing was ahead of her but toil, hardship and poverty, perhaps tragedy.

So the moments wore on. The day waned and the strength of the sufferer ebbed. She had no loved ones to sit by her and watch for the end, this little factory girl, no one at all but the nurse sent by a mission near.

Gradually her strength was failing, and the heart throbs were slower and slower. The afternoon was still and drowsy. Through the windows came the cry of strong children at play.

Then the nurse saw the eyes brighten, the lips move in delirium, and this child of the tenement, born in ugliness, dying in ugliness, cried aloud to a mother long dead: "Roses, mother, roses!"

Then she sank back, and the nurse closed the tired eyes forever, praying in her heart that when the child's eyes opened in heaven they might behold the beauty of celestial roses.

Calliopean

Calliopean Literary Society

Members

Miss Mattie Sloan
Miss Ilda Jean Nixon
Miss Maud Bigham
Miss Mayme Burley
Miss Jennie Stewart
Miss Dale Boyce

Miss Jeane Harris
Miss Rase Sandifer
Miss Leona Squires
Miss Beatrice Arnold
Miss Lillian Clinkscales
Miss Lillian Thompson

Miss Frances Jeter





A Sketch of Erskine's History



ERSKINE COLLEGE enjoys the enviable distinction of being a pioneer in the field of Christian education in the South. At the time of its organization, seventy years ago, there was not another institution in all this region that offered a collegiate training under distinctively Christian influences. The College came into being to meet the felt need of the Christian people of this and adjoining States. Its establishment was an act of heroic faith and courage by a religious denomination that numbered less than two thousand, with only fourteen ministers. But these were not common men. They were men of mighty faith, impelled by such a sense of obligation to God and to the generations to follow that they dared to undertake the seemingly impossible.

The names of the fourteen heroes of faith who laid the foundation of this institution have been known to the successive generations that have entered into their labors. "Weighed in the balance hero dust is vile as vulgar clay." But they should not be forgotten. In honoring them we would honor ourselves. It would be an act of simple justice to place a bronze tablet in the walls of the college building, on which their names were inscribed, that the story of their splendid courage and self-denying labors may not fall out of the memory of men.

The name first given to this institution was "Clark and Erskine Seminary," which clearly indicates the chief aim of the founders. The primary object was to educate young men for the Gospel ministry; an object which it is hoped may never become secondary.

The first permanent building for the infant college was a plain, substantial brick structure, of three stories, with a central hall-way and lecture-rooms on either side. In the rear was a wing of three stories, each floor containing a single large room. The first floor was the chemical laboratory, the second and third stories were occupied by the literary societies. The second building was Lindsey Hall, named in honor of Mr. James Lindsey, by whose liberality it was erected. The lower floor was used as a chapel and lecture-rooms; the second was an auditorium of generous proportions. This was approached by two flights of granite steps. From the front sprang up a tall and graceful tower ending in a dome that sheltered the equatorial telescope, the gift of Mr. Johnston, of Alabama.

Next in order came the hall of the Euphemian Literary Society, a beautiful hexagonal building of two stories. And a few years later the hall of the Philomathean Society, Grecian in type and very attractive.

In 1892 the college building was destroyed by fire. At once the work of rebuilding was begun on a greatly enlarged scale. The new structure was formally dedicated in June, 1893. It is of modern style, substantial and imposing, and confessedly one of the handsomest college buildings in the State. Next in

order of time (1896) came the College Home, a handsome and comfortably appointed brick building of three stories, and capable of accommodating seventy boarders. Two years later the Wylie Home was built for the use of the young women of the College. It was the gift of Mr. Joseph Wylie, and was a memorial of his wife.

ENDOWMENTS

Previous to 1853 the College relied for support on tuition fees and the interest from a few donations and bequests. In that year, the plan of raising an endowment by the sale of scholarships was adopted. As a result of this effort \$50,000 was raised. This, added to sums previously contributed by generous friends, brought the endowment up to about \$70,000. All of this except about \$13,000 was swept away by the Civil War. Having tried some temporary expedients, in 1871 the Synod entered upon a second effort to raise a permanent endowment. Though the country was impoverished by the disasters of war, the friends of the College rallied once more, and the sum of \$80,000 was realized. To this amount substantial additions have been made in more recent years in the form of scholarships and special endowments.

PRESIDENTS

The first President of the College was Rev. E. E. Pressly, D.D., whose term of service extended from 1839 to 1847. Then followed, in order: Rev. R. C. Grier, D.D. (two terms, 1847 to 1853, and 1865 to 1871); Rev. E. L. Patton, LL.D., 1858 to 1860; Rev. W. M. Grier, D.D., LL.D., 1871 to 1899; Rev. F. Y. Pressly, D.D., LL.D., 1899 to 1906; Rev. J. S. Moffatt, D.D., 1906.

The Romantic Reality of College Life

WHAT a hodge-podge subject I seem to have! and what a hodge-podge thing, in fact, is college life! It is as romantic as a young man's visions; it is as real as hard work, self-denial, and loyalty to duty can make it. It is ideal, in the sense in which I use the word, when the romantic and real are happily blended. Romantic, did I say? Yes; as a young man looks out upon it from the threshold of the home that he is leaving to enter into this new life —

“In bright uncertainty it lies
Like future joys to fancy's eyes.”

Thus it has appeared to many a prospective Erskine student; and after he has tried does he not find it romantic still? Does he not find it a life of fun and laughter and song and friendship and love? Does he not find the enchantment of moon-light serenades and happy strolls among —

“Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream?”

And does the cup of romance not overflow when the times for *soirees* come — times at which badges are won and lost, and at which are received fair speechless messages from deep-meaning eyes of maidens —

“Whose sunny locks
Hang on their temples like a golden fleece,”
Which makes the grounds of Women's College
Colchis' strand?

Yes; this experience is always possible, and sometimes the apparently inevitable destiny, of my supposed Erskine students. How alluring it seems in advance! — as romantic, I said, as a young man's visions. How bright it may be made to seem when the years have come and gone! — as bright as an old man's dreams. But in order that the retrospect, as well as the prospect, may be bright, another side of the subject must be considered, for the romantic is not all. In fact, in my subject “*romantic*” is only a modifying adjective. The substantive is “*reality*”; and so I would have it in the working out of life in the college.

Now, what is this reality and where is it found? The answer is plain. It is honest, unshrinking, unswerving loyalty to duty. It is found in being true to one's highest self. It is found in the performance of each day's tasks somewhat, at least, in the spirit of Him who said, “My Father worketh hitherto and I work.” It binds a young man to keep faith with the father and mother who sent him to college. It urges him to do something and to be something worthy of the oppor-

tunities that it is unmanly to abuse, and Christlike to use. It urges him to remember that, as he shall pass this way but once, he must now or never get all the good he can and do all the good he can both for himself and for his fellow-students; he must here and now lay deep and strong the foundations on which, in after years, to use a poet's words, he may build more stately mansions for his soul.

This is the reality that I would commend to every Erskine student. It does not exclude the romantic; it only subordinates it — makes it, so to speak, a modifying adjective, whose office is truly performed not by displacing the substantive, but by giving it a clearer, fuller, or richer meaning than unmodified it would have. Such a blending of the romantic and the real — such a subordination of the romantic to the real — will go far towards making any Erskine student's career an illustration of my subject — the romantic reality of an ideal college life.

J. I. M'CAIN.



* Ode to New South

Oh, fair land enshrined in memory,
Thou home of love and chivalry,
Thy great renown to minstrelsy
Has oftentimes been sung.
The mighty deeds of men like Lee,
Thy daughters' stately rare beauty
Have furnished forth themes endlessly—
Thy fame the world has rung.

* * * * *

A dark cloud hovers o'er our land
And distant mutterings of thunder roll;
The ominous sounds grow nearer, deeper,
And burst with all the horror of war's curse
Upon the fair realms of Dixie.
Then follow years of unequal struggle;
But with dauntless courage,
With peerless skill,
With diplomacy in generalship
That has ranked our leaders
With the heroes of history,
The sons of the South fought
For their household gods,
Their honor, and all they loved in life,
Till strength could hold out no longer,
And arm-ed Might ruled o'er the land.

And Might was ever a dreadful ruler.
In feudal England our fore-fathers
Wrestled and fought with him.
And so the sinister days of the Knight of Misrule
Were ushered in.
Wretchedness followed the ravages of war.
As the Black Plague wrought havoc
In olden days,
So now, in these days of Black Occupation
In the South-land.
And a night of gloom ensued,
Shot through with lurid, banal lights.
Ambition was struck dumb,—
Prosperity was dead;
The ploughshare rusted in the furrow;
Cobwebs of idleness festooned loom and mill.
As when dazed and left for dead
The warrior lies stunned after the combat,
So the South.
But slowly, imperceptibly, strength returns;
The tremor of awakening life

* Delivered at Newberry, S. C., at Convention of U. D. C., December, 1907.

Thrills through and through;
With Herculean effort the vanquished form
Struggles to its feet,
And behold! it moves!
It walks with a mighty stride.
Crippled at first for want of long used aid,
But gradually developing latent powers
Until, mightier than ever of old —
Independent, elate, the South steps forth.

* * * * *

Uncover, all ye great ones of the earth!
The South-land comes re-incarnate
To claim the heritage of birth,
The honors that true worth await.
Prosperity smiles o'er all the realm,
Peace and plenty go hand in hand,
Ambition's power is at the helm
And new life pulses through the land
As incense rising to the sky,
The smoke of countless mills ascends
From factory, and forge hard by
A symphony harmonious blends;
And shipping ports' portentious sounds
Their prestige in the markets claim,
Commerce grows by leaps and bounds
To swell our fortune and our fame.
Material wealth gives easy play
To minds released from sordid care;
Vigorous intellects hold sway,
And Southern pens world's honors share.
The Arts and Crafts and Sciences,
Belle-lettres and all goodly lore
Inspired by new appliances
Bring laurels e'en from foreign shore.

Oh, Glorious South! Oh, Wonderland!
What vast wealth yet unknown is thine!
The hidden ore 'neath glistening sand,
The undeveloped field and pine!
Press onward to thy high estate,
The full perfection yet to be,
Expectant souls thy glory wait,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

LENORE NEVILLE LONG



Crusade Against Christianity



CHRISTIAN America confronts a crisis. Not many months ago there appeared in one of our leading magazines a series of articles condemning the ethical and religious teachings of the American universities. Though sensational in their nature, these articles demonstrated fully the need of a radical change in the religious instruction prevalent in our schools and colleges. They proved beyond a doubt that young Americans are being taught that the Bible is merely a mythological treatise, that present-day belief is as far from real religion as was Greek philosophy, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is picturesque, but based on narrow and rigid dogma. They showed that part of our people are approaching a state closely akin to paganism; that we are becoming morally unhealthy.

The sensation created by such charges need not be mentioned. They demonstrated conclusively, however, that unless more sanitary measures are put in force at our institutions of learning, the next generation will have a religion as much opposed to ours as was Roman culture opposed to Gothic barbarism. They established the fact that Christianity is in the crucible. They proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the American church has just cause to be thoroughly alarmed.

Nor is this propagation of a new philosophy confined entirely to our colleges. Our whole country seems to be in a state of moral unrest; on the verge of a profound religious upheaval. A great wave of so-called free-thought has been sweeping over our country and many there are who have been submerged in its deluge. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without seeing an article on the subject. On every side the disciples of Tolstoy, Shaw and Hubbard can be heard proclaiming the birth of a new era in religion. The very air is surcharged with free-thought, every man's creed differs from that of his fellow, and religion is thought by many to be only the infinite capacity of man for humbugging himself. The age is pregnant with skeptical doctrine and the truth is very nearly lost sight of in the darkness.

This false doctrine that is being promulgated by men high in authority at our universities, and that is being felt by all classes throughout the United States, is indeed a serious menace to our Christian civilization. Our republic was founded on principles gathered from the Bible, our people have ever believed in a righteous God that controls a heaven and a hell, our progress has been due to the kind care of a watchful Father pleased with the homage and fidelity of His children. Yet they would teach you, these intellectual infidels, that Chemistry can express the infinite with a chemical formula, that Physics has proved our Maker to be only gravity, that Astronomy has searched the heavens and Science the earth and our God has not been found there. They say that today welcomes

the approach of a new birth—a religious renaissance. A renaissance it would be indeed that would substitute such cold and cheerless doctrine for faith in an interceding Saviour and hope in a merciful God.

It is this condition of affairs that leads Hamilton W. Mabie to say, "We face the greatest demoralization of moral standards and ideals since the beginning of the Christian era." It is a revival of that condition that made Christ the loneliest being that trod the earth, and that later led an enraged mob to the slaughter of the kindest friend man ever had. It is an awakening of that same spirit which caused the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and induced a just God angry with His prodigal people to seek a terrible vengeance for His broken laws and neglected commands. When one of the leading educators of the day declares that the welfare of the world depends upon the spirit of man and not upon the paternal care of a non-resident deity, and a distinguished journalist says that religion is only the childish mistaking of pictures for facts, the most optimistic cannot fail to see that the danger line has already been reached. The clouds have indeed gathered and it takes no acute listener to catch the rumblings of the approaching storm.

If such obnoxious teachings are persisted in and such radical ideas continue to gather in force, the result can scarcely be pictured. The light that has streamed from Calvary's brow, undimmed by nineteen hundred years of strife and discussion, will cease to be the beacon of America. The religion that has given all sorrow a touch of comfort, that has tinged all pain with pleasure, that has led men from the darkness of the valley to the light of the mountain top, that inspired one like unto us to endure the jeers and curses of the mob and the despicable death of a criminal, will no longer have a wholesome influence on American life and institutions. In its place we will have a faith that offers to its disciple a heaven determined by Physics, to the unbeliever a hell that can be expressed chemically, and to the dying man utters the comforting words, "Put not your trust in God, for there is no personal deity; cling not to Jesus, for he is no more divine than you." In the place of all that is cheering, comforting, and good we will have only cold intellectuality.

In such a crisis as this there is a dire need of Christian leaders — leaders that will point men to the true way, leaders that will marshal the forces of good and lead them against this army of atheists. There is a necessity for those whose faith is founded, not on groundless suppositions, but on what has been proven true. The times demand a Milton, a Browning, a Tennyson, to throw the search-light of truth into every nook and cranny of this old world, a Jeremiah to thunder the command, "Stand ye in the ways and see, ask where is the good path, and walk therein," a Paul to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

But dangerous as the outlook may seem we can but believe that the ramparts of religion shall remain firm, that the cohorts of Christianity shall never surrender. For it requires a more violent effort of faith to accept the doctrines of the new religion than is requisite in the acceptance of the whole of the Old and New Testaments. The new theory is only a superficial guess disguised in learned

words, destitute of any convincing evidence, refuted by all serious science, and in direct opposition to the very nature of the human mind. Its sole evidence is found in the stentorian tones in which it is proclaimed. On the other hand, who can remain in doubt as to the truth of the Christian religion? Does it not sweeten life, inspire missionaries, create saints, and bring gifts of divine love and peace to soothe dying hours? Is it not an energy that lifts the whole race to heights of chivalrous action and goodness? Is it not a barrier to all the forces that would destroy society? Yet,

“If drunk with the sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
And lesser breeds without the Law.—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Lest we forget, lest we forget.”





A Pledge of Honor



A NEW working system for regulating student conduct is necessary for the American college. Larger colleges are involved because the solution of the problem is essential to their growing needs. Smaller colleges are interested because the system which has been, and now is, in general use is unsatisfactory and incompetent to carry out the purposes for which it was created.

First, why is the system at present in general use deficient? In the institutions where the student body is large, the faculty can not give such due personal attention to deportment as the system requires. It is an almost absolute impossibility for a faculty of one hundred to regulate by individual supervision the conduct of a body of one thousand. The artificiality and complexity of life in the large cities, where the major part of our universities are located, add to the inadequacy of the system of faculty supervision of student behavior. By far the greater and more extensive argument, however, in favor of the abolition of this system lies in its own inherent imperfection. It is a despotic government which inevitably produces a struggle between student and professor. Under such rule it is only natural that the students should dissipate merely to show they can do so without fear of detection, and haze and cheat to outwit the spying professors. The system is foreign to our innate liberal ideas because it is autocratic and tyrannical.

Under what system, then, is college deportment to be regulated? If the old is to be abolished, what method is to replace it and give better results? We propose to submit a system which has already been put to a thoroughly practical test with the consequence that it has met with general satisfaction.

This system with which we propose to supplant the old is known as "The Honor System." It is thoroughly democratic, giving freedom to the individual. There is no restraint upon his action or demeanor, except that imposed by his own honor. Where it has been tried, as has been said, the system works perfectly. Deportment is as excellent as could be hoped to be realized. Why? It is simply because honor is inherent; and when the voice of honor speaks it commands obedience and meets with ready response. Under the system each student is on his own honor and is responsible to his fellow students for his conduct.

The student body formulate their own rules of deportment, and generally they are few and simple. At the University of North Carolina there are only three leading regulations. The student body also elect a council who administer and execute the rules. The faculty are never consulted concerning matters of deportment except as a court of last resort. Under the system the students have a large voice in their own government, which is natural and democratic. There is no

contest between professor and student. Less dissipation, hazing and cheating is done by far than under the old system. In fact, almost perfect results follow.

Clearly, "The Honor System" is the natural and proper method for the government of college students. Let us hope that the various colleges and universities will practice the theory of democracy to the extent that students be allowed to be self-governing. Let us hope for a system, individual, liberal and democratic, based upon and supported by a pledge of honor.

P '09



Hinkey-Dee of Amsterdam

BY EDGAR LONG

(Illustration by Miss Mattie Williams)

In Amsterdam dot's on de sea
Does lif a man called Hinkey-Dee.
A merry man already yet
Iss Hinkey-Dee, vell you can bet.

Dear Hinkey iss all right I know;
He iss so goot I lof him so.
He makes Dutch dolls for me all day
Right down beside the Zuyder Zee.

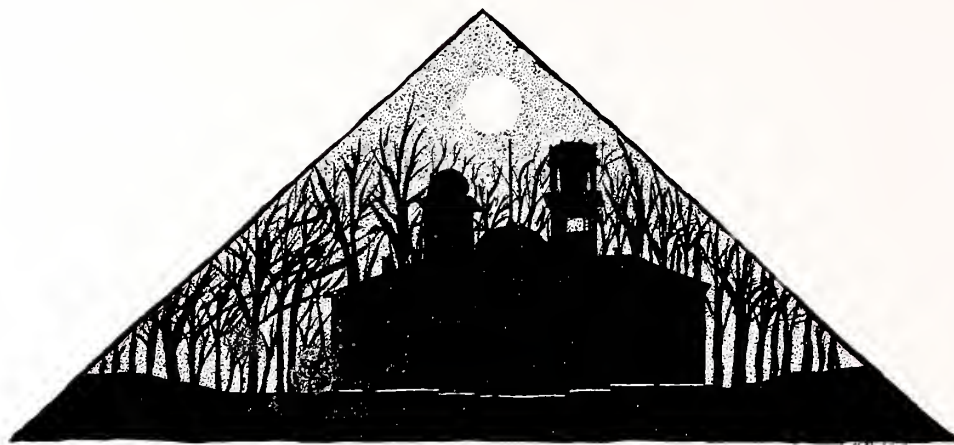


He sails mine boat; he flies mine kite;
Iss Hinkey-Dee shoost out of sight.
Und ev'ry time dot ve are met
He gifs to me a violet.

Und I'll be sorry ven he die
It iss expect dot I vill cry.
Mit handkerchief I'll dry mine tear
Dot's done run down for Hinkey dear.

Ven Hinkey 's vent to Heffen above
Vere all iss play und all iss lof,
I'll send to him a violet
To make him know I'm sorry yet.

College Friendships



THE friendships that are made at college are the strongest and most beautiful in all the world. The ties that are then formed are apt to bind two souls together with hoops of steel. It is there, as nowhere else, that one friend draws aside the curtain and reveals to another the inner sanctuary of his heart; and it is these glimpses into the heart of a friend that one keeps in after life as his most sacred secrets. It is during the four years at college that souls are linked together —

“Like violet bells upon the selfsame stem
Pouring the dewey odours of life's spring
Into each other's bosom.”

For four years we study together, we walk together, we talk together concerning the everyday trials, and concerning our future plans and aspirations; it is then that a friendship is apt to be made that will be lasting and strong. What a feeling of closeness there is when we study late at night over a problem that we cannot solve! What a feeling of joy for the friend who has won a prize or taken a high stand in his class! What a feeling of sympathy there is for the friend who has made a failure! There is a symmetrical completeness that is seldom found anywhere else, when those of opposite characteristics become friends and one supplies what the other lacks.

Some of the most beautiful friendships in all literature have been those formed during college days. Perhaps the most striking of these was the friendship of Tennyson and Gladstone for Hallam, that grew up during their school days at Eton. One has only to read “In Memoriam” to see the beauty of Tennyson's friendship for Hallam; and the following is an extract taken from a tribute to Hallam written by Gladstone when he was an old man: “Far back in the distance of my early life and upon a surface not yet ruffled by contention, there lies the

memory of a friendship surpassing every other that has been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and in the excellency of his friends." Another striking tribute to school-day friendship was that of Lord Brooke to his friend Sidney, when he requested that what he deemed the greatest honor of his long and brilliant career be recorded upon his monument: "The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

Is it not true that, after all, the most valuable acquirements during our college days are our friends? We ought, then, to be very careful in the choice of our friends; and, after we have chosen them, we ought never to allow ourselves to forget them again. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has beautifully expressed this thought of being faithful to our old friends thus:—

"Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,
Friendship never owns decay;
For 'mid old friends kind and true
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas! old friends must die;
New-made friends their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold."

J. L. W.

Phyllis

JANET OVERALL WILLIAMS

She walks in her garden,—
No rose more sweet,—
Modest as violets
Hugging her feet,—
Tall as the lilies,
Purer than they,—
Ah! Phyllis, dearest,
It is thy way,
By subtlest witch'ry,
By hidden art,
A garden to make
Of my desert heart.

Aunt Dinah on Modern Manners

"Thank de stars de time hab come when I kin bob my ole gray head under dis little shanty and tell yo all 'bout de perceedins ob de big house," said Aunt Dinah as she filled her pipe with the ease and pleasure of a connoisseur, and then making a low bow ponderously seated herself on the stone step in front of the cabin door down in the quarters on Col. Landrum's plantation.

"De big house has been in a bubble and a bubble for de last blessed week; de big pot has been put in de little one, and stew has been made in de skillet, 'case you know young Missus was a comin' home from Miss —— Select School in D. W.

"Well, de chile done loss her raisin' since she done lef' de tender keer ob her ole black mammy and has done been put in de hands ob dem ombomnible folks what she call perfessers. I done tole you, de chile done loss her raisin'. Atter Mirandy and me done worked our fingers clean off to de quick scrubbin' de floor, 'rangin' de furniture and decoratin' de fire-place wid holly-hawks and 'sparagus top, she come along holdin' her dress up 'sif she wuz afeerd dar wuz a little bit ob dust on de floor. An' what do you sposin' she said: "Oh! how delightfully old-fashioned—but Aunt Dinah, please take those flowers out of de fire-place 'case de folks in town doan put dem dar.' Den she say: 'Please raise de conjacent window, fer de rentilation ain't good in here and soon de carbon-geoxide will make us drowsy.' Well, I had heerd ob wines and things a makin' folks drowsy, but fo de lan's sake, honey, I ain't never heerd ob carbon-geoxide makin' nobody drowsy."

At this remark the little darkies could be seen exchanging glances of amazement, and even the older ones sat spell-bound while Aunt Dinah renewed her conversation.

"You 'members de mawnin' I tole yo 'bout Uncle Jack dreamin' he seed two big white hosses splashin' right thru a pond ob muddy water and dat very night I heerd de screech owl holler. I knowed right den dat sumpin' was de trubble to matter, and it wuz jist den dat my darlin' white chile had a bad case ob de horticulture and had to be kept in de confirmary fer one whole day."

The introduction of this new disease spread quite a sensation in the quarter and Aunt Dinah, aware of the impression she was making, continued:

"I had heerd ole Missus telling young Dr. Snow dat Miss Kate was done quite a concomplished young lady, dat she had graduated in yellowcution, dat perlite talkin' fer white-folks, dat her voice was bein' executed and dat she played conquistely on 'de pianny and de manderlin, and she is concomplished in mo dan dat, too, 'case I heerd her tellin' Mars Bob 'bout her makin' wickets every day: so I jist 'lowed to myself dat I was gwine to take a peep at dem wickets: so I went to sarchin' through dat Honey's trunk fer em, and de gal had de imper-

dence to laugh right out in her ole mammy's face, when I said: 'I reckon yo couldnen bring dem wickets home case dey was too heavy.' What do you say bout dat ef she ain't done loss her raisin'?"

As the darkies drew up nearer for fear they should lose one detail of the big house story, Aunt Dinah refilled her pipe and resumed her flow of eloquence. "Mussy! Mussy! de times am too fas fer dis ole nigger! I'se done purty nigh wracked my ole brain trying to keep up wid dat chile since she come home. Dey had one ob dem soirees up to her house tother night. I had never heerd tell ob pahties bein' called dat afore, fer when me and Miss Katie's maw was young dey had quiltin' pahties, and dey had lots ob fun den too, mo dan dey had at dis soiree pahty, case dey didnen do nothin'—de ladies jist set dar, and de gemmens done what dey called de rushin' stunt. Soon's one would git set down, anodder would come along, but the awfulest thing, they set wid deir cheers criss-cross. I heerd one ob de young gemmens say dat he got stuck; so in de midst ob de pufformance I got a wet rag and rubbed off every doah knob in de whole house, case at de ole quiltin' pahties dat I has intended, dere wuz allus somebody dat didnen' know how to act and would tech de doah fore he had washed de lasses offen his hand."

Here Aunt Dinah broke out in a hysterical laugh and said: "I'se often heerd bout de forbidden fruits in de garten, but fer de life ob me, I disremember bout ever heerin' ob dem forbidden streets afore dat Miss Katie was er talkin' bout. Dem streets is so muddy is why boys am forbidden to walk on em—and dey es goes down em in one ob dese flyin' apparatuses Marse John am been readin' bout.

"Well, I'se got ter go to de big house now, case something 'stonishing is er gwine ter happen case I heerd de chile tell her maw Mr. K. was wantin' to make a touch-down with her last Satday P. M. and dat she wuz gwine a set down on him if he tried it agin. Now dat's jest awful ridiculous; so when she gits to settin' on him, I'se gwine sprise 'em and pear right on de scene, and march de lady to her room and give her a lectuah on her lady manners. Anyhow, you knows I'se got my eye on Marse Shakespeare, or Col. Tennyson, or some ob dem other high perlutin' gemmens what Marse John say he loves.

"Well, I'se enjoyed myself commensely and soon as I bring dat chile back to her raisin' once more, I'll come agin."



A Chicken Feast



One night, away back in "Billy's" sophomore days, as he was sitting quietly in his room dreaming of the good times which he still hopes are surely coming, there came a gentle rap on his door. Rap, rap.

"Come in."

"No, thank you. Just want to speak to you on a little business."

"All right. What is it?"

It was "Buster Joe," and he proceeded: "Sam and Lanky, while out on a walk this evening, discovered a limb on which are perched four fat hens and a rooster. The boys have gone back to take charge of them, and have asked me down at our ranch, and we want you to bring a couple of pots from the dormitory kitchen. We have plenty of bread, butter, salt, pepper, etc. Everything has been made ready and the boys have gone after the fatted fowls."

"Sure," said Billy. "I'll be only too glad to roast a few birds for you. Always glad to accommodate my friends when the prospects of eating chicken are so bright."

"Well," said Buster, "we are going to eat them, and you can depend on that. I'll help you carry the pots down to the ranch. Don't look so dead-looking. Haven't I told you we are going to eat chicken?"

According to the agreement, the boys went for the pots and other cooking utensils, and were soon back at the "ranch."

When "Buster Joe" had given the pre-arranged sign, the door was opened.

"Come in, Billy. Come in, Buster. Did you get the pots?"

"Yes. How are the fowls?"

"They are here, all right."

As "Stubby" said this he reached under the bed and pulled out the four beheaded hens and the boss of the harem. As he drew them out one at a time, "Billy" called them all by name.

"Why, there's old 'Straw Neck,' and choke me! if you didn't bring old 'Domineck' along, too. Boys, what did you mean by bringing old 'Frizzly'?"

"Where's old 'Speck'?" he asked after a little.

"Oh, we've got her, too," said Stubby, as he made another draw from under the bed. "And in order to keep the old man from being lonely we brought him along, too," he said, as he pulled the cock-of-the-walk from under the bed.

"Well," said Billy, "perhaps he would rather be stewed with the crowd than to remain to crow for a day on a lonely limb."

After this "Billy" assumed the position of master of the ceremonies and began to give orders to the others. Upon receiving their respective orders the eight boys fell to work—some to dressing the fowls, others to getting wood and water.

By the time the clock struck twelve the four hens were boiling away in the two pots on a roaring fire. The Chief Cook, "Billy," and his assistant, "Lanky," were busy attending the fire, administering salt and butter, while the other boys were smoking and telling jokes. The smell of chicken mingled with the smoke of tobacco, the glowing fire, the delightful anticipation of eating chickens that were not theirs, all tended to make the crowd very merry. By the time the chickens were ready to be served it was generally conceded that "Big Mark" had outdone the crowd in social lies; but "Stubby" stoutly declared that the man was yet to be born that could beat him eating chicken. As Lange's room was not a regular dining-hall, dishes of any kind were scarce; but the boys managed to make up the deficiency in plates with a few shoe-box lids, one table drawer, a baseball cap, and some geography backs. Of course, knives and forks were not needed, as there was little ceremony in this feast.

Everything went along very well until "Big Mark" came across a drumstick which he declared was so tough that a blacksmith couldn't chew it. It was the leg of the "Old Man," as "Lanky" called him. "Big Mark" agreed with him as to his age, and ventured the opinion that he had sailed with Noah. However, as chicken was plentiful, the tough pieces were discarded, and Mark was soon stripping the meat from the bones like a corn-husker and masticating it like a wood-fiber mill. "Stubby" said that the big boy would start a drum-stick in at the right-hand corner of his mouth and pull it out at the other, and that after a piece of chicken had gone through such an operation there was not an owl in the country that could pick a decent beakful from the bone. But while "Stubby" was calling attention to Mark's manner he was not neglecting his own business; for after the feast was over the boys began to "count bones on each other" and "Stubby's" box-lid was found to contain seventeen well stripped bones. Besides, "Buster Joe" was about ready to swear that "Stubby" had eaten all the gizzards, not considering the fact that he had swallowed some of the smaller bones. However that may be, there was plenty of chicken for all; and the beauty of it was it didn't cost anybody anything except the man that raised the poultry.

When the feast was over and all of the "cooking machinery," as Lange styled it, had been washed, Billy started to carry them back to the dormitory. It might be said here that Billy was not a coward, but was just a little afraid of "things" at night. He had no more than left the "ranch" when he met a bush on the side of the road. The way he ran with those pots, ladles and other things was a caution. One who happened to hear it said it sounded like a pair of bronchos running away with a wagon-load of stovepipes, dishpans, and dinner-bells. As Billy passed a neighboring house the fierce charge and savage barking of two dogs gave another stimulus to his already weary legs. With these helps he was soon at the dormitory in safety. After putting the pots back where they came from, he repaired to his room and was in bed by three o'clock.

But just as he was about to fold his thievish hands in peaceful slumber, he heard something that sounded like the deep tones of two hounds in full cry. Yes,

they were coming nearer, and it was now certain that they were hounds. Bloodhounds, too, he said to himself. Moreover, there was a painful resemblance between the mouths of these dogs and the ones that ran down the negro who stole Buck's watch a few weeks before. His guilty conscience needed no further accuser, and his imagination pictured vividly his disgrace on the following day. He had played thunder. These hounds had been started on the track of the boys who lifted the chickens, had followed the trail to the "ranch," and there took up his own track. They were coming straight towards the dormitory, and so far as he could determine were coming the same way that he came. There was a man following them, too, at a distance, for Billy could hear him yelling from time to time. What must he do? There had been a rain since he left the dormitory, and he had gotten very muddy in the cross-country run for his place of abode. He was afraid that his muddy clothes would witness against him should the dogs follow the trail to the dormitory. He listened from his raised window again. The sounds of the dogs were nearer still. By this time his imagination was considerably worked up, and he swore to himself that he would never eat another piece of stolen chicken as long as roosters crowed and hens laid eggs. But that did not help matters now. He must make his room look innocent. He snatched up his muddy trousers and put them in the very bottom of his trunk. But the next question was, where would he put his muddy shoes? O, yes; he saw, now — up the chimney on the fire-back. Then he glanced around to see that there were no further evidences of "fowl-play."

But it made him mad to think that any dog should dare trail down a boy of his standing, as if he were a thief. He grew desperate, left the room, and came back with an automatic shot-gun which he had borrowed from a sleeping neighbor on the floor below. Thus armed, he took a seat in his window on the third floor and awaited the approach of his supposed pursuers. He had determined to shoot the presumptuous beasts as soon as they came within range, because he felt sure that they were the only officers that could find a connection between the tracks in the mud and the muddy shoes upon the chimney-back. As he sat there he heard the peaceful breathing of his innocent room-mate, in striking contrast with his own painful sighs. The stern faces of the town council and the faculty rose before him. He heard the Mayor say "fifteen and costs," and heard the President declare, "Your connection with this institution is severed."

But Billy's suffering was all due to his guilty conscience, for the dogs, after coming within a few hundred yards of the dormitory, had suddenly changed their course and soon ceased their doleful baying. As the clock struck four a sigh went up from Billy's honest but chicken-loving breast; the horrible thoughts of being fined and then "shipped" left his mind, and he was soon in bed where nothing disturbed his peaceful sleep except a wierd nightmare.

On the following day, as Billy entered the postoffice, he saw a man displaying the skin of a mink which he said his dogs had caught early that morning in a swamp just below the dormitory. Billy felt sorry for his less fortunate accomplice in crime but, thanking his lucky stars that all chicken thieves are not caught, was mum.

Ben Haddah of Judah

Anno Domini 60

BY EDGAR LONG

Ben Haddah, chief of tradesmen, died yestreen
At set of sun. Enwrapt is he
With costly robes of linen rich; embalmed
With spices brought by his co-patriarchs.
On pavement stones of porphyry, smooth hewn,
In colored shadow cast by purple cloth,
Rich hued, rests the dead man's bier.
And round the room low-whispered, mournful murm'rings go.

Around are gathered friends who have in life
With Haddah held the faith surrendered to
Their band by mighty Zadok, priest and sage.
Of Sadducaic cult they hold no hope
Of life beyond the grave of gloom and dark,
No knowledge of the body glorified
Is certain quite. Thus of their friend they say:
"The flower that once has blown forever dies."

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Now, thirty days have ta'en their flight, and seems
Release ere this of sorrow should've been bought
By tears so freely spent; yet none would dare
Make measure of the wailing of the death
Which on their chief has fallen; none estimate
The sadness of his loss. Insatiate grief
Has had its claims allowed, makes clear its wants,
And fills Ben-Haddah's house with agony and gloom.
It is the morn of burial; it is
The day the tomb's great door shall open wide
To take the body of the dead. E'en now
The shoulders of strong men prepare to raise
The prostrate, silent form, and carry it
In pain along the thorny, dusty way.
E'en now the threshold of Ben-Haddah's house
Is crowded o'er with many come to pay respect.

A black-tressed maiden, richly gowned, dove eyed,
In robes made rich with wreathen work fresh from
The Oriental shop, makes passage there
Amid the men that line the central way
That leads into the court. Rose-cheeked, fair formed,
She walks with airy tread and quite appears
A full-grown flower of eloquence and grace.
Joanna she is called; of Rimmon's house is born.

And when the weeping band departs the space
About the fountain's source where stops the maid
And circles round the speaker fair to hear
The voice as gurgling as the water 'neath
Her feet, she 'gins with tone of joy her song:
"Ben-Haddah buried is to be; but, Death,
Where is thy sting, where is thy victory?"
And ever ends her glorious song with
"Death is swallowed up in victory."

Then understanding not the song
Joanna sings, else comprehending it
Unwillingly, they question her, scorning
That she should thus rob death of its success,
That she should thus declare their tears in vain.
And the maiden gives account of this new-born
Philosophy of Life triumphant and
Victorious over tears. Her speech is wise and clear.

"My brethren are but lately come in boats
Of merchantmen from an Achaian town,
Corinth called, on the thither side of Rhodes.
To me the message now but newly sung
They gave, as they had seen it writ by one
Called Paul to certain Christians of the Church
Which he had founded on the Grecian coast.
There noted they that it was read by all."

"Death is swallowed up in victory"—
Thus she sings, and even while her voice
In lyric grandeur moves, the wailing is
Renewed. The mourners go about the bier;
The cavalcade moves out into the path
Of stones, advances to the tomb. And while
The winds that parch the solitary palms
Pass o'er the fields, Ben-Haddah's form is laid.



The Reality of the Unseen



IN the beginning, God created man with three eyes; two visible and one invisible. Two were outside eyes to see external realities; one, an inner eye, to see internal truth. The originating of unseen force required time no less than the making of manifest matter. Over our third organ of sight has grown that cataract of ignorance and unbelief. The motto: "Only when I see will I believe," has taken such a hold upon the mind of man that the most powerful influences now in operation have become fine fancies and mere myths to the average individual. What I can taste or touch, see or smell; what I can carry in my pocket, load on a wagon, tie with a rope, these will I recognize. Our deep-seeing eye is blinded by a material age of momentous money-making and money-taking. The rays of light from the unseen realities cannot penetrate bales of cotton, pride of life, corruption in socialism, and indifference to spiritual obligations. Only by use, by application, does any means become strong. Now let us remove the haze that hoods over our third eye, and notice some of these unnoticed realities. First, however, when is a thing real? We say that an agency is real in its service, that an instrumentality is a reality, when it is able to govern a universe; when it is able to reach the deepest needs of humanity, to alleviate sufferings of the body and to succor the soul.

Among modern scientific discoveries now in use, perhaps none is exerting a more powerful influence than electricity. It is the present day propeller, the motor of the twentieth century. Without this patent factor civilization, as it exists today from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Washington, would find an end. Stop this unseen power and the industry along the whole Atlantic seaboard would wither. Check the dynamo and New York is herself no longer; her vitality is gone. Chicago sleeps in darkness, and Boston lies benumbed under the burden of loss. Thousands of men are left many miles from home; all kinds of business are thrown out of gear, and the whole world goes paralyzed. Physical force has had its day and the age of reason has come. A cat's soft purr may press a button and the work of a million men is done. A vessel is wrecked; a button is pressed; the air vibrates; the waves are caught; the ship is saved. We cannot help saying that such a forerunner of enlightened civilization, even though unseen, is indeed a reality.

Not a distant kinsman to electricity is magnetism, the attracting power of which the earth is full. Present-day navigation depends upon this unseen reality. No matter if the heart of the great engine is throbbing, and the steam pressing against the piston, the engineer would not dare open the throttle if he knew that there would be none of that unseen force acting on the mariner's compass. If this unseen reality should cease suddenly to exert itself the ship would whip herself upon the rugged rocks or ram her prow into the cold sand banks. By

means of a powerfully magnetized iron the cow-boy of the sky is able, with the unseen and unfeeling fingers of magnetism, to grab the great steel joists and beams and hoist them high above the hurrying crowd till they are finally in position at the top of the majestic skyscraper of nineteen hundred and ten. Surely this boon to modern engineering is a matter of fact.

More indispensable, however, than electricity is the great unseen natural force, gravitation. This is the power which ropes the planets together, binds the sun and moon in their course, and ties each satellite in its orbit. It is the only brotherly bond we have with Mars, and the only sisterly tie we have with Venus. Without this potent influence we would be swinging and rocking in space, or meeting with frightful head-on collisions in the ethereal ocean. Just as authority is the only means by which a father may govern his household, so gravitation is the only agency by which the sun, as father of the solar system, can order and direct the ways of his offspring. Without it there would be no cosmic consistency; but all would rush back into chaotic calamity. Surely this power which holds the world in a working way is pre-eminently real to us because existence itself would cease if this directing agency were not really present.

From these three illustrations, then, we see that mere mechanical means are not always tactile, tangible things. These natural laws in the natural world have their corresponding correlative spiritual laws in the spiritual world. As much as does the soul o'er-top the substance, the mind the man; as much as does infinity reach above finity, and eternity beyond time, just so much does the spiritual laws in the spiritual world preponderate over the natural laws in the natural world. Above all and under all these spiritual realities do exist. Faith, our guide in action; hope, that without which a man is dead before he dies; and love, that essence of self lost in the being of another, by which all human life and associations are tempered, these three stand out in distinct prominence from countless numbers of other unseen realities which affect our relations one with another, and determine our attitude one toward another.

Man, a being of volition and choice, not moved by every automatic action or involuntary movement, is no mere mechanical contrivance. Having the power of reason then, he must necessarily have some guiding incentive, some living impulse, and some prompting motive to direct his life.

From the most savage to the most civilized, the unseen influence, faith, has a never-dying predominance on the inclination of the life and the trend of the conduct of each individual. This universal principle is a reality, a truth as intangible as a phantom, as invisible as the wind; and yet more powerful in its sway than ten thousand legions of the serried hosts of the Assyrians. Faith is to the individual what the star of Bethlehem was to the Judean shepherds. Without it would saints in the cause of Righteousness falter and fall; but with it could Latimer go to the stake, saying: "Cheer up, Riddley, for we shall this day light a candle in England which shall by God's grace never be put out." Was this unseen reality not sure and steadfast to the heart of this heroic martyr? If faith were a sheer seeming spectacle, and not a substantial reality, would Abra-

ham, the man who was to father the race from which the supreme example of faith, Christ himself came, would he, I say, have staked the world's destiny on that substance of things hoped for, the Evidence of things not seen? Faith is the guide to the goal. You can't touch faith, but faith can touch you. Imagine, if you can, in your own experience, what living would be without faith in any of your friends; or in any man's word; or in the reality of the Supreme Spirit. The verdict of each sane, sound individual will be, that faith is one of the most powerful realities of his life.

Hand in hand with faith goes hope. Hope is the child of desire and the younger brother of faith. Tied and welded are the bands that bind them. A man without hope is one of the most pitiful sights on earth. See a hopeless man; torn by remorse, stung by regret, and overcome by self-reproof. Why, he's a raving maniac, a contaminating atmosphere wherever he goes. Hope steadies a man on his feet and keeps him from going down into the cellar of despondency. It makes a man's eye sparkle, vitalizes his energy, enlarges his anticipation, and drives away all melancholy. Hope acts with decisive influence on all ages of men, from the little child who does his work so well just before Christmas, with the hope that Santa Claus will be especially bountiful, even through to the gray age of the tottering man. The heart is the engine of a man, and hope is the throttle. When the throttle is open, he lives, when closed, he dies. Hope fanned into flame the smouldering coals of desire in the hearts of the pioneer Americans who rose in their strength and said, We will be free. This power is the generating influence to action in every man's life. Though hope is unseen itself, we doubt not its reality on account of the manifest evidence we have of its existence.

Inseparably bound to faith and hope, and the offspring of these two factors, is love. This is the crowning quality of the human soul. It has been and still is the distinguishing characteristic of all truly great in the minds of all philanthropic people. Love is generally true because it brings out the very best in man. It is love that makes a man willing to go beyond the walls of self-satisfaction and self-interest, and to see with the deeper and larger vision the true meaning of need. 'Twas love that caused David Livingston to see Africa's need. When he heard that every morning as the sun rose one could see the smoke rising from a thousand villages that had never heard of Christ, his magnanimous heart could not help turning knowledge into action. He is in modern times probably the most eminent illustration of the manifestation of undivided love and consecrated devotion to duty in behalf of benighted Africa's need and the cause of Righteousness. The most gracious capability given to man is the power to love. Without it would be impossible all the graces of gentleness, meekness, patience, long-suffering, and peace; but with it the withered soul may bloom again; the broken heart may beat again, and forlorn hope may rise again. 'Tis universal in its scope and unlimited in its range: from side to side it is immeasurable, and from top to bottom it is fathomless. It is from everlasting to everlasting; and when time shall have accomplished its work and the world

shall stop, love will not stop; but shall be magnified and glorified, for God is Love. This unseen abstraction is not unreal.

The mother of these motives is mind. An unseen reality itself, yet the mind is the mould in which the destiny of dynasties is determined. It is impossible for the astronomer to see some stars unaided by telescopic assistance. Just so it is, you cannot see the deep realities of life with your natural eye. The mind is the telescope of each individual, the third eye through which he is able to search out the deep truths of existence. Only when we brush off our third lens do we see the life beautiful, and realize the importance of learning as if to live forever and living as if to die today.



Thus Let Me Live

Let me not spend the morning of my life,
The sweet Spring morning of my sojourn here,
In idle joys and garish pleasures rife,
Which bring at last—though sometimes hid—a tear;
In golden halls of luxury and ease
Where lords assemble with their ladies gay;
And though there be no effort spared to please,
The soul resents the sameness of each day.
But rather let me spend the first bright hours
Of life in Nature's school, where all is free,
Hearing my lessons from the birds and flow'rs,
Sipping my honey from the wand'ring bee;
In woodland palaces and halls of green
Where wood-nymphs come to dance before the dawn
And wake the flowers with their hands unseen,
Bedecking them with dewdrops ere they're gone;
With humble heart and open, willing mind
To learn the lessons that my Teacher gives,
So nobly tutored, and in ways so kind,
My soul rejoices simply that it lives.

Let me not live the noontide of my life,
The sun-steeped summer noon of my life's day,
Amid the turmoil of a city's strife,
Struggling with kings of fortune, 'neath their sway;
Battling the breakers like a storm-toss'd boat
Striving to hold its own in a sullen sea,
Now beaten back, now filling—still afloat,
But wretched with suspense and agony.
Nay rather let my noontide hours be spent
Beneath the shelter of some honest trade,
King of a happy fireside, and content
To live on what my honest hands have made.
And let me rise up in the early hours
To labor while the day as yet is young,
To rest awhile at noon beneath the bow'rs,
Then labor till the vesper bells are rung;
To love my home, to reverence my God;
To succor those less fortunate than I;
To tread the paths our honored fathers trod;
The right to help, the wicked to defy.

Let me not spend the evening of my life,
The cool, autumnal evening of my day,
In lonely solitude, or troublous strife
Without a friendly hand to lead my way;
In sorrow for a friend who proved untrue;
In sadness for the loved ones now no more;

Unknown, unnoticed, until bro't to view
In dire distress, and find no open door,
But let me spend the evening in repose
And calm assurance of a race well run,
With many friends, but let there be few foes
To cloud the sky above the setting sun,
And let the harvest days repay the cost
Of all the earlier days in labor spent;
Count not the time, the cost, the labor, lost,
Which at the harvest time yields true content.
And while the flickering light dies out but slow—
Now dimmer than the twinkling stars above—
The chilling evening winds have ceased to blow,
Warmed by the fires of faith and hope and love.

Then when at last my day of life is done
And loving hands have folded me to rest,—
Let me not sleep 'neath some high polished stone
To press the cold, damp clay upon my breast;
But let me lie within a simple grave
Beneath a tree, the silent watch to keep;
And let the wild flow'rs o'er my body wave
While I am in that long and dreamless sleep.



College Days

BY SYBARIUS

All spectre-like, both sweet and sad, the thought
Of college days comes stealing to the mind,
Unbidden, yet a welcome guest, for fraught
With gems so dear, we cannot be unkind.

These days long past now seem to us a dream
On which the weary mind delights to dwell,
And gather from its checkered scenes a gleam
Of joy and peace, unfelt no heart can tell.

The days were those of anxious care and toil,
When mind expanded to a nobler part,
When ancient tomes perused by midnight oil
Transformed, unconsciously, both mind and heart.

The times were those when sacred ties were made,
Of friendship, and the deeper ties of love,
When plans of life in future hopes were laid,
And left for fate and years unknown to prove.

But think you not that all the days were peace,
And all the nights were silken, chaste, and still,
Or that the toils were never known to cease,
Or that all sought each duty to fulfill.

We often strolled through woods and over hills,
And by the hedge of honeysuckle vines,
Or loitered by the cool and shady rills
Or sought the paths beneath the scented pines.

We often heard the midnight's tranquil call
On Hallow-e'ens, or on the first of May,
Or feasted in the stately banquet hall,
Or deeply drank the joys at some soirce.

Debating halls, and semi-annual meets,
Commencement days, and other days made dear
And interspersed our college days with sweets
The thought of which takes tribute in a tear.

How quickly passed those happy days away!
And we have drifted far o'er land and sea;
Yet many scenes are just the same to-day,
While some are not just what they used to be.

Each morn the pigeons wing the same old tower,
The same old college bell peals forth its toll,
The same old clock is heard to strike the hour,
But the names are new that make the college roll.



OUR
CO-ED



Co-Eps

Co-Ed Department

"We're for wisdom, we're for knowledge,
We're the girls of Erskine College."

For the first time a Co-ed department appears in our Annual, and it is our wish to give some idea of our work and play, of our life as part of Erskine.

Co-education first began in Erskine in the year 1894. Since that time a number of girls have gathered each year to join in the privileges of this college life. In all, twenty-three girls have graduated, and they are, indeed, girls of whom we may well be proud. Loyal and true to all that is ideal, they have gone forth to fight life's battles—the flower of womanhood. Their lives are gentle and the elements so mixed in them that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "These are true women." It is for us, who are now taking their places in the college life, to be as true and noble as they. May we ever strive to be so!

Our Co-ed department is gotten up entirely by the Erskine girls, and we bespeak for it only your kindest criticism as we attempt to give you an insight into the best of our college life.

ILDA JEAN NIXON, '11.

SOCIAL LIFE

Perhaps no phase of college life is more important than that part termed the social life. Our warm college friendships have the base of their existence here. If we are not surrounded by some such influence we would probably go forth from college with a wrong interpretation of college life.

At the Wylie we were a small band, but a very congenial one. No one could conceive of us being anything else but loyal in every sense of the word. Banded together for our mutual improvement in literature, we were known as the Calliopean Literary Society. Truly, we tried to be faithful followers of the goddess, Calliope. We held weekly meetings in our own Literary Hall, and each meeting was looked forward to from one week to the next. Here it was that so many pleasant and helpful afternoons were spent; and when we think that the dear old place will no longer welcome us into its cheery midst again, we are filled with a sadness uncontrolled. But we hope for greater paths of possibilities to open up before us in the future, and refuse to be utterly downcast by such vicissitudes as we have been called upon to meet.

Not far from the literary circle was the Y. W. C. A. All of our girls are members of the Association; and each feels that there is a part, her individual part, which none else can fill. Our Y. W. C. A. is not characterized by religious meetings solely, no more so than the Calliopean by literary meetings alone. Many pleasant social evenings have been spent now under the auspices of the one, now the other.

With two such organizations as these, not real societies, but just such informal meetings as college girls love, we could not be other than a merry little group, free from all undue primness and formality. May the coming years to the future Co-eds lend just as much joy as the past three have to the Juniors of 1910!

Warblers' Trio

Flower — Red Rose

Colors — White and Gold

Motto — Do! Re! Me! Fa! Sol! La! Si! Do!

1st Soprano.....Rose Sandifer
Contralto.....Ilda Jean Nixon
Alto.....Leona Squires

Practice hours — Study hours

Favorite Song — "Asleep in the Deep."

Sewing Circle

Motto — "Arbeit macht das Leben suss."

Instructor — Ilda Jean Nixon

Swiftest — Mayme Burley

Neatest — Dale Boyce

Slowest — Frances Jeter

Most varied — Jean Harris

Most strenuous — Lillian Clinkscales

Most patient — Lillian Thompson

Most careful — Beatrice Arnold

Flower — Violet

Colors — Grey and Lilac

This club is rather more serious than some of the others. Its meetings are held on Friday nights in the rooms of the girls. Some beautiful handiwork has been produced by its members, one of them being awarded first prize at one of the county fairs for a dainty piece of drawn work.

The work of the club is not allowed, however, to interfere with studies, for the girls of Erskine realize that the work of the head should be cultivated before that of the hands during college days.



Modern Slavery



“ In this boasted land of freedom there are bonded baby slaves,
And the busy world goes by and does not heed;
They are driven to the mill, just to glut and overfill
Bursting coffers of the mighty monarch Greed.
When they perish we are told it is God's will;
Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill!”

THERE is an incessant cry which pierces our nation even more bitter than the sound of battle, the roaring of many guns, or the mingled shrieks of man and beast—the hungry cry of the children. Our nation is giving heed to this cry, yet she is by no means putting forth her utmost efforts to hush it.

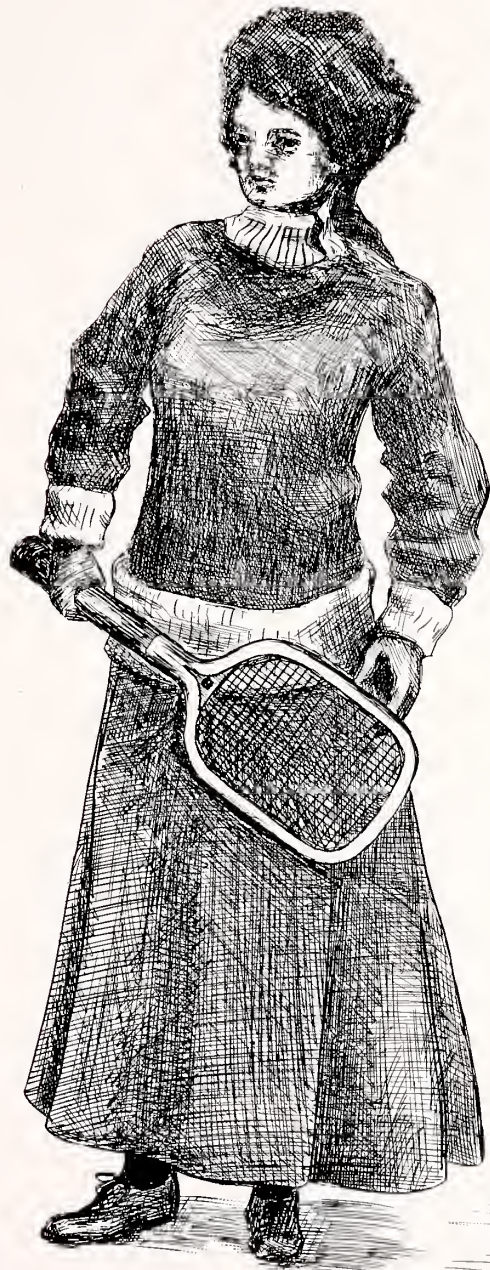
This cry is caused by the appalling condition of the children scattered throughout the land, and especially of those in our large cities. The surroundings are never pleasant, yet the children are not responsible for the lot in which they are cast. If they are reared, in the dark, gloomy homes of vice—homes where ease and comfort are unknown—it is not theirs to say whether they should go to play breakfastless or to bed hungry; whether they should be reared in luxury or in poverty. These children of the poor are compelled to assume the responsibilities of life at an early age, either in the manufacturing establishments or in the household duties, where they attempt to fill the place of the mother who has been forced to seek employment away from home. They prepare the food and care for their younger sisters and brothers who are so often left under their protection. These children have never known and enjoyed the freedom of childhood, the delight of playing in the bright, warm sunshine, the freedom of studying nature and associating her truths and beauty with their own childish ideas. Want is their only companion.

“As beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die.” Yet, they are not beasts; they are human beings with souls, stamped with the divine image of God. Their lives have never been brightened by picture books or toys. The fairy tales of Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella they have never known. The stories of the Arabian Knights would, if read to them, open up worlds of which they had never dreamed. They not only lack knowledge of these familiar legends, but they have no conception of the Bible. This is pathetically illustrated by the little girl who said she hated God because He made it cold and didn't give her any clothes. If they could only hear of the Christ and His love for children, how it would brighten their empty lives to know that they have a part in His kingdom; “for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

We are called upon to solve a great problem as we watch the growth of these children from early life to maturer years. We look into the face of the babe

as it rests on the arm of a careless and indifferent mother, and see the many possibilities wrapt up in its innocency. There may be in this child latent qualities which, if developed would, perhaps, in after years give to the world a great artist, poet or musician. From these humble spheres of life many have achieved greatness whose talents, if they had not been developed, would have been a loss to mankind. This plastic age means so much to our nation! We should strive to put before each child high ideals and bring out that which is best in its character. If we wait until their ideas and habits have been formed, it will then be too late to begin a reformation. Childhood would then present a fatal picture. It would then have passed the age of eagerness to be helped, but would prefer to go on in its profligate, indifferent way. For: "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." The character of their manhood or womanhood will be developed under the influences received during these impressionable years. If these influences be not good these characters will never make useful citizens, and in after life will stand for nothing. Under these conditions, when a political question of great importance confronts the nation, and leaders for the people are being chosen, it is their greed of ignorance and not the true principles of life which governs our nation.

"I know no disease of the soul but ignorance"—and education is the first essential towards the improvement of the condition. Their parents are ignorant and upon us devolves the duty of healing this disease. Their ideals being uplifted, the problem of educating the children will have been partly solved, who, following the examples of their parents will strive toward higher attainments. An appeal for the children resolves itself into an appeal to their employers, and to those who control the powers and possibilities of our nation—for the hope of any nation lies in its children. Our people must realize that the demand for their protection is the highest patriotism, and enfold every child within its strong, protecting arms; then, and not until then, will it be possible to look with confidence toward the future, unashamed and unafraid.



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A Toast

(To the Erskine College Team—Winners of State Championship in 1909)

Come, fill up a bumper and drink to the team
Who vict'ry have won with struggle so bold,—
No braver knights tilted in joust long ago,
Than those who have played beneath crimson and gold.

Years cannot diminish the fame that you've won,
And many a time will the story be told,
Of Erskine's fine ball team in nineteen-nine
That carried to vict'ry the crimson and gold.

To Erskine's fair future a glass let us drain;
May years that are coming renewed triumph hold,
And athletes courageous as those whom we praise
Carry on to new glory the crimson and gold.

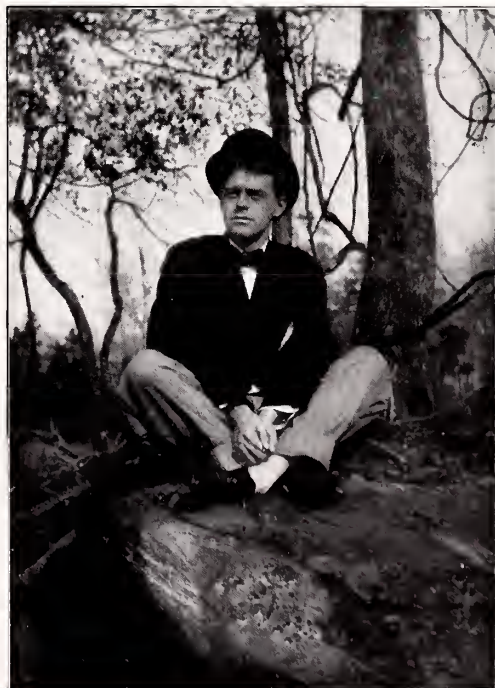
J. O. W.



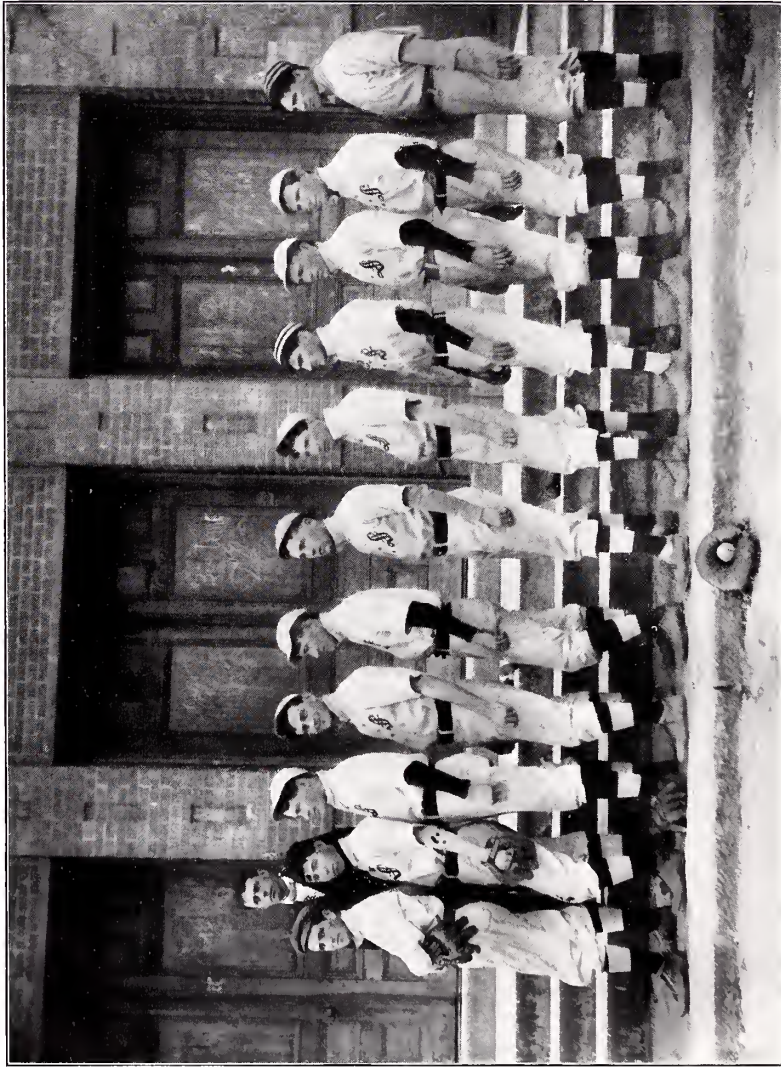
KIRKPATRICK — CAPTAIN



COACH "BILLY" LAVAL



SHELTON — MANAGER



BASEBALL TEAM



Baseball



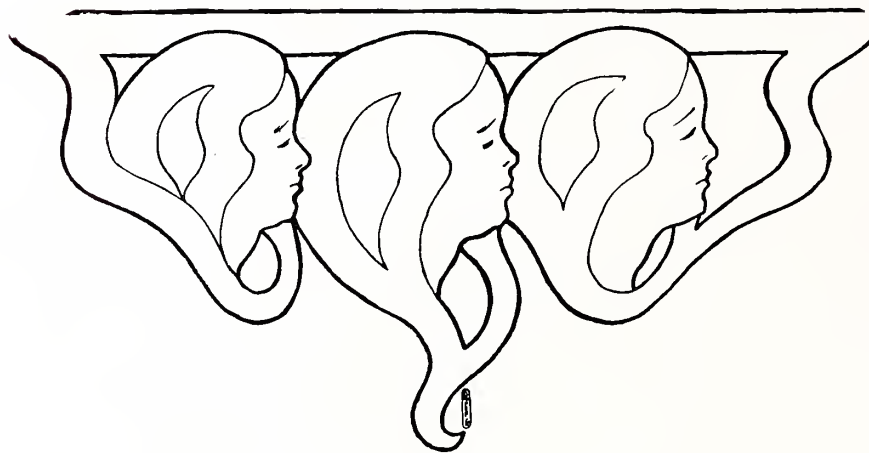
WITH spring come thoughts of baseball. At this season of the year two score or more young men can be seen exerting every possible effort that they might help uphold Erskine's banner in the coming contests. So popular is this sport at Erskine that every afternoon the greater part of the student-body gathers around the ball ground to watch the players practice and to encourage them as much as possible by their presence. It is very natural, however, that baseball should be popular. For a number of years Erskine has put out a team that she should well feel proud of. In fact, of late years Erskine College cannot be referred to without thoughts of a good baseball team.

The picture on the preceding page is that of the team that won for the college the State championship in 1909. There have never been seen on the local park more efficient hitters or faster fielders than were these. In short, it can be said that they possessed all the qualities necessary for a winning team. We would not, however, fail to attribute a large part of our success to the coaching of Mr. W. L. Laval, affectionately known to his friends as "Billy." His baseball career is too well known to require more than mere mention. He has made an enviable record as a pitcher in the South Atlantic, South Carolina State, and Carolina leagues. As a coach he undoubtedly has no equal among the Southern colleges. He has coached Erskine two seasons—'07, '09—each time winning the pennant. In the season of '07 he selected from seemingly no material whatever a team that played the entire season with a percentage of 900. Again, with his training, the team had but one defeat by an Association team chalked up against it.

The record of last year's players was indeed admirable. Throughout the entire season, the most prominent feature of every game was the pitching of R. D. Byrd. With Byrd on the mound Erskine was almost always sure of victory. "R. D." not only won every game he pitched, but allowed opposing teams only seven scores and eighteen hits off his delivery the entire season. Bell, too, added much to the success of the team, both by his pitching and batting. He can boast of leading the team in batting with a percentage of .417. Catchers McCaw and Bryson were also valuable men. "Caw" distinguished himself in almost every game by his terrific hitting. His batting average for the year was above the .300 mark. Bryson caught only one game. In this, however, he fielded 1.000 and hit .500. Taking everything into consideration, probably the best man of last year's team was second-baseman Watson. Every game was featured by his spectacular plays, some of which seemed almost impossible. In addition to his well-nigh perfect fielding. Watson hit .333 for the year. "Ram" Chisholm at first, Grier at short, and Stevenson at third proved themselves worthy of their positions. Chisholm, though seriously affected with a "Charlie-Hoss," played an excellent first-base, fielding .982. Without a doubt the fastest fielders in

the Association were Cashion, Kirkpatrick and P. D. Chisolm. Both "Liz" and "Tack" played the entire season without an error. Besides playing an errorless field, Cashion was a batter that every pitcher looked upon with fear. If hits for extra bases were recorded in the percentage column accordingly, his average would be considerably more than .393.

The prospects for a winning team this season are unusually good. Manager Matthews is certainly to be congratulated on the securing of "Billy" Laval for another year. We have good material, a good manager and the "only, real, original Bill." We believe, therefore, that the team that defeats Erskine will be the pennant-winners of 1910.



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BASE BALL

'09 GAMES '09

AT CLEMSON: ERSKINE-3, CLEMSON-6.

AT GREENVILLE: ERSKINE-6, FURMAN-4.

AT DUE WEST: ERSKINE-7, NEWBERRY-1.

AT NEWBERRY: ERSKINE-2, NEWBERRY-1.

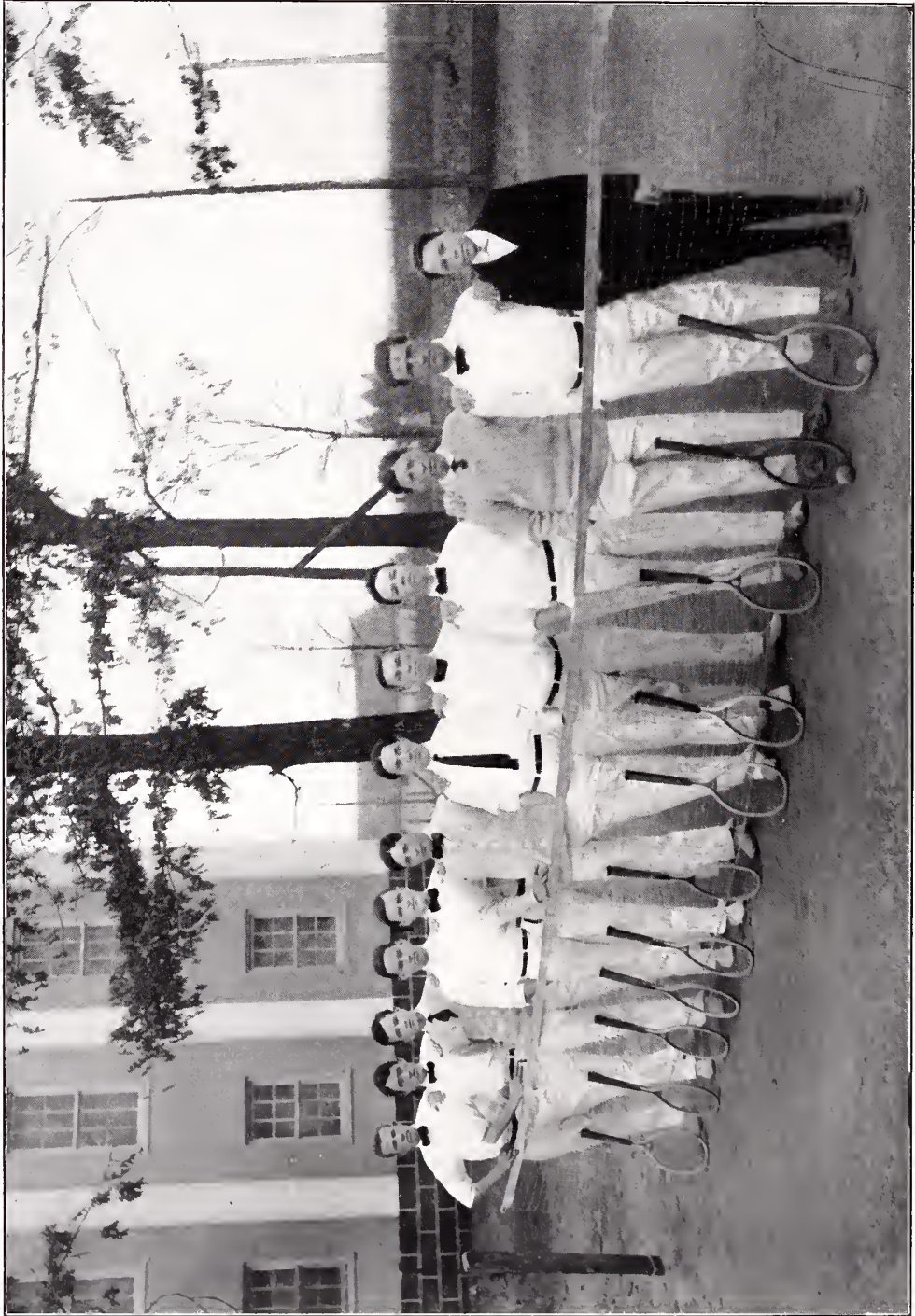
AT CLINTON: ERSKINE-7, P.C.O.F.S.C.-3.

AT DUE WEST: ERSKINE-3, CLEMSON-0.

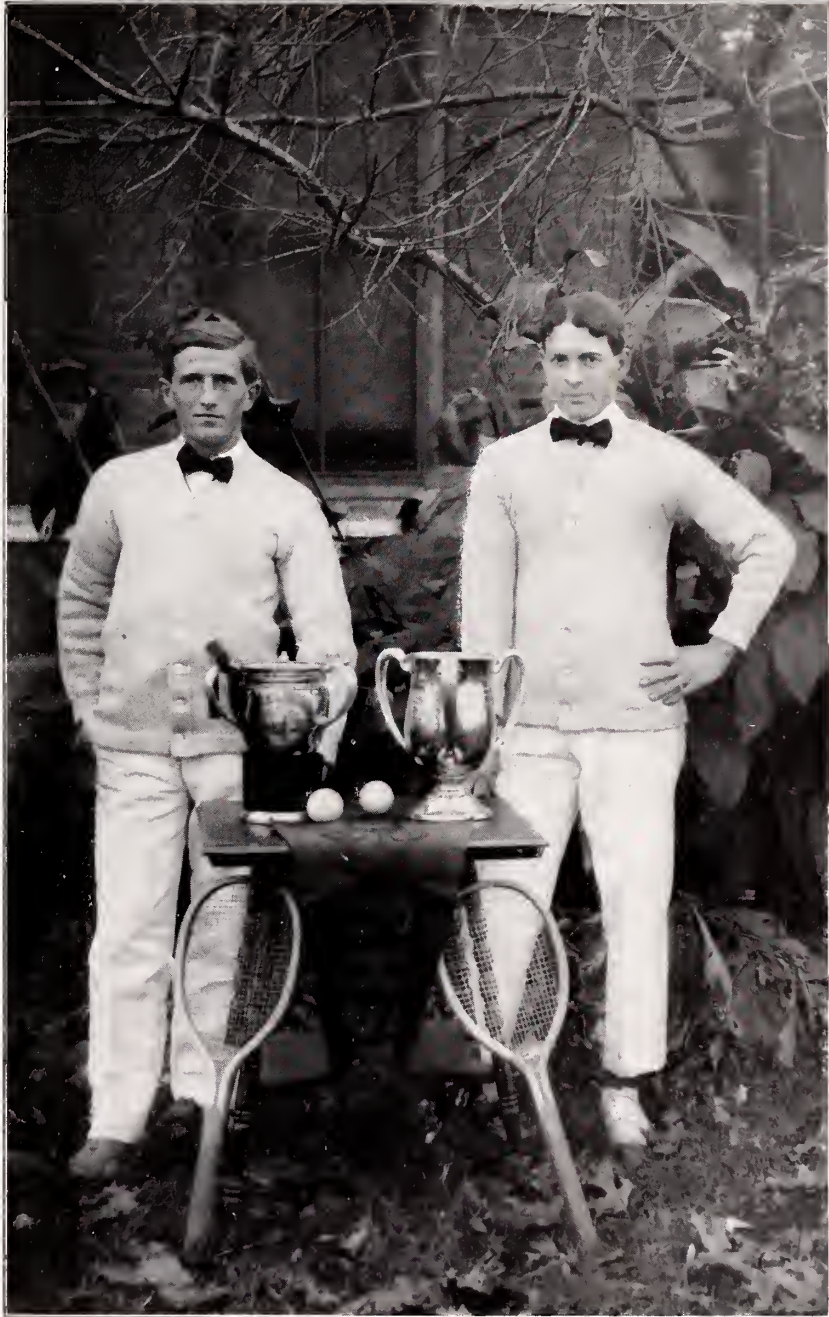
AT DUE WEST: ERSKINE-5, WOFFORD-4.

AT DUE WEST: ERSKINE-5, FURMAN-4.

— H.H. TAYLOR



TENNIS CLUB



GRIER

WATSON

CHAMPIONS



Tennis

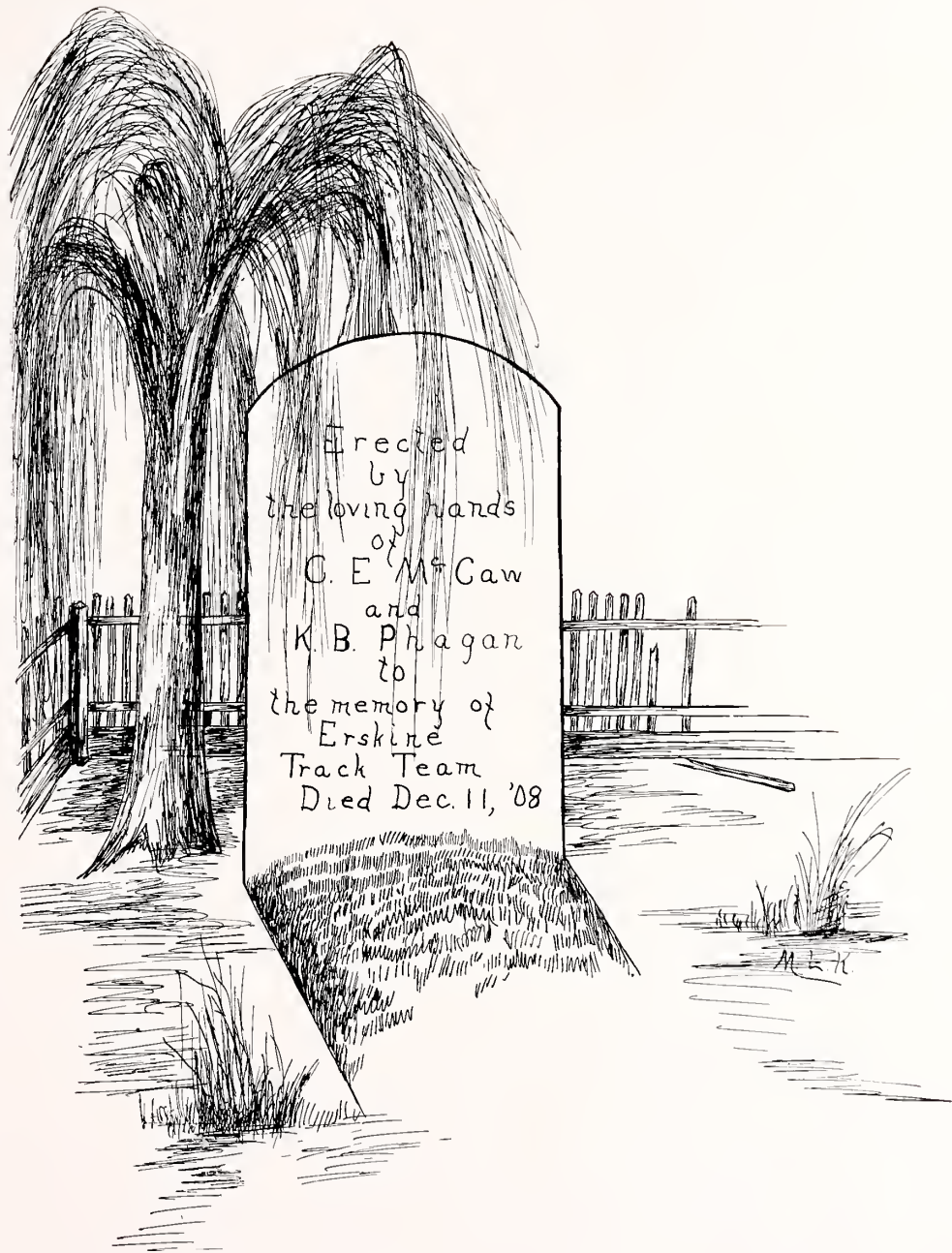


IF all forms of athletics, tennis is by far the most popular at Erskine. Indeed, some of the lower-classmen have developed such an insane desire to learn to play tennis that they often cannot spare enough time from the fascinating sport to attend their recitations. "Forbidden," too, has suffered greatly in the past few years because of this interest in tennis; and after the present Senior class departs that erstwhile most luring walk will be deserted, and wicket-making will take its place among the lost arts. However, the romantic episodes of "Forbidden" will be replaced by the famous court contests: and such names as Grier, Watson, Deaton, and Snell will serve future generations as examples of what heights can be attained by practice.

There are three tennis courts on the campus and several private club courts in town, and yet it is almost impossible to find a vacant court from Monday morning to Saturday night — of course, excepting the nights during the dark of the moon. There should be another court, and perhaps by next year there will be, for the Tennis Club is in much better condition financially than we have ever seen it before. There is no football, no basketball, no baseball until spring; no track athletics, and no gymnasium; in fact, there is nothing but tennis for the Erskinions during the fall and winter months, and that is why it is so popular with us.

But perhaps it is as much due to the reputation which our tennis players have, and the honors which they have won. It is an incentive to us and we strive to be chosen to win new honors for our college. Our record is one of which very few colleges, if any, in the South can boast. For three years, out of the four years of the State Tennis Association's existence, Erskine has won the championship in both singles and doubles. This is, indeed, a record to be proud of, and is enough to keep a wide-awake interest in tennis. The State tournament was held at Erskine this year, during the second week in November, and everyone enjoyed the pleasure of being the hosts of the Association. However, we enjoyed still more seeing Erskine win out at home and bring back both cups, which had gone to Carolina for one year. Erskine lost only one set during the whole tournament. We are all proud of Grier and Watson, the champions, and of the great feat which they have performed. The beautiful loving cups, a gift from the city of Greenville, may be seen on exhibition in the college library.

Nor did our worthy lads stop when they had won the championship of the Palmetto State. On Erskine's grounds, three weeks after the State tournament, they met and defeated the crack tennis players of Davidson College, North Carolina. Such playing as our boys did was enough to awaken an interest in tennis, and as long as the interest and practice are as much in evidence as they now are, Erskine will not want for worthy representatives in the years to come.



Erected
by
the loving hands
of
C. E. McCaw
and
K. B. Phagan
to
the memory of
Erskine
Track Team
Died Dec. 11, '08



WYLLIE HOME



CLUBS



PORCUPINE CLUB

Betts, E.	Ketchin, S. C.	Hull	Tinkler, B. R.	Bigham
	Henry	Moore		Bigger
	Barksdale	Edwards	Gettys	Crawford



THE WICKET MAKERS

The Wicket Makers

Loafers Extraordinary—

“Doc” Chiles
“Harper” Bell
“Flip” White
“Kid” Phagan

Privileged Loafers—

Doctor Moffatt
Doctor McCain
Prof. Grier
Prof. Reid
Dan Cupid
Chief Doty

Along Forbidden Lane

“An Erskine youth one afternoon
Went wandering afield,
About the Female College ground
His destiny revealed.
He sought with care a wicket there—
For others did the same—
Their heads to bare towards ladies fair
Along Forbidden Lane.

Who saw him there? We rather guess
It was by one afar;
Now, hat in hand, he'll never stand
Then two professors took a hand;
His pleasures they did mar.
By warning grand, by bold command,
Him soon they put to shame.
Along Forbidden Lane.”

“A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of being from the Well amid the Waste!”

Monsieur White's Cooking School

Instructors

- M. Mathis Carlisle White.....Director
M. Dupin Schechard Orr.....Connoisseur on Tubers — Sweet potatoes a specialty
M. Gaspard Honore Moore.....Sometime Chef to His Honor, M. Loubet, President of the
French Republic, Artistic Creator of Relishes
M. Gaston Beauchamp Henry.....Instructor in the Scientific Preparation and Mastication
of Fowls

All applicants apply at Room 17, corner of Chicken Roost Road and Pistol Lane

LIAR
CLUB



GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER OF THE ANNANIAS CLUB

Members in good and regular standing —

“Piker” Bryson

“Flip” White

“Zip” Hardeman

“Lowry” Blakely

Motto — “Truth is the most valuable thing we have; let us economize it.”

The George Washington Chapter traces its ancestry without a missing link through George Washington back to Ananias, who founded the world-wide organization. The George Washington Chapter has a glorious record. It was founded with the college, and since that time has far surpassed in the length, fishiness and copiousness of its lies any other organization of a similar character in the United States.

Serenaders' Club

H. Kerr Taylor.....	Guitar
C. Brice Williams.....	Guitar
L. C. Blakely.....	Mandolin
M. G. McDonald.....	Mandolin
W. C. Miller.....	Mandolin

It is currently reported that musicians are seldom good for anything but music. Suffice it to say that Erskine's musicians are banded into a club, and in unison they are now setting their melodious strains afloat on the moonbeams that happen to flit past the Wylie Home and Carnegie Hall. The Club arouses various sentiments. It charms some, bores some, and makes two positively furious, namely: Prof. Long and Mrs. Douglass, Dean.



Campus Courting Club

“A Book of Verses underneath a Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise now!”





Rock Hill Club

Boyce
Hall

Betts, C. B.
Betts, E.

Barron
Bigger

Jenkins
Huey, W. A.

Roddey
Strait



TENNESSEE CLUB

Fleming

Robinson
Tinkler, B. R.

Tinkler, S. A.
Kidd

Phagan
Moffatt

Matthews

Over-the-Teacups Club

Motto — "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Members

"Hatch" Long
"Roy" McMurray
"Piker" Bryson
"Doc" Chiles

"Bottley" Watson
"Jamie" Jenkins
"Lathe" Roddey
"Dooley" McDonald

An admirable organization that has for its object the promotion of the better interests of the "inner-man." Let it not be thought that tea is the only delicacy served its members, for *chicken fricassee*, *turkey a la Tom* and *fried potatoes a lard* often appear on the menu. These followers of Epicurus hold weekly conclaves, at which meetings lectures are given on such topics as, "The Most Improved Methods of Fowl-Lifting," "The Art of Carving with a Pen-knife," "The Nutritious Properties of the Potato," and "The Danger of Eating a Choleraic Turkey, or The Need of a Better Pure-Food Law."

"Some hae meet and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit."



OVER-THE-TEACUPS CLUB

Erskine Minstrel Club

Dramatis Personae

Chiles.....	End Man and Musical Director
Long	End Man
Betts	Second
Ketchin	Second
Lesslie	An Orator
Caldwell	A Tenor
Roddey	A Comedian
Jenkins	Middle Man and Cornetist
Gibson	An Attendant
Williams	A Basso
Grier	A Baritone
Taylor	A Clarionetist
Dickson	A Cornetist
Kidd	A Violinist
Huey	A Pianist
Betts, E.	A Drum Major



Minstrelsy



NOTHING could be more natural than Erskine's Minstrel. Besides, the fact that humor is the characteristic of the American people, we never have a nice recitation unless the instructor "pulls off" about half a dozen jokes; the very atmosphere is laden with wit. This being the case, then, it is not out of the ordinary that all the stomach "gas" in this community passes off in the form of wit, and if you had been present on November 30th you would have thought Erskine owned a "gas" factory. On this date the manager managed to get together thirteen witty fools, idiots, and others for an evening entertainment. From their countenances (and I speak with all due respect), you would have thought that they had made an engagement to meet themselves in the auditorium, but when they got there, they had gone somewhere else.

The program was very diversified, and music rendered by the quartet and band awoke the audience at occasional intervals. The main parts of the program were jokes, jiggling, and oratory. The jokes were fine, all being original, and of the next century style. Of the jigglers, one was bad and one was good. Out of all the things in the world only two kept the first from being a good juggler, and those two things, strange to say, were his two feet. The other seemed to know his system, and the general opinion was that he professed "Cannibalism," rather than "A. R. P. ism."

The orator was especially adapted to the occasion. Of course no speech was expected on this occasion, and no one was surprised. The personal contrasts drawn were excellent, and coming from a man of some appreciable age made them assume an air of reality. His voluminous voice thundered through the walls like that of Baalam's ass, and if you did not hear Baalam's ass just come to the next entertainment given by the Erskine Minstrel.



MINSTREL CIRCLE

Ye Minstrel Quartet

J. Steele Caldwell	First Tenor
W. T. Chiles.....	Second Tenor
R. Calvin Grier.....	Baritone
C. Brice Williams.....	Basso

Ye Minstrel Quartet is a noteworthy example of the scientist's theory of the survival of the fittest. The inherent desire to make a noise that exists in the student-body formerly expressed itself in Senior inspiring, Junior cheering, Sophomore crazing, Freshman quaking hazing ballads. After the abolition of hazing had in a measure suppressed this sentimental expression of the student-body, the sweet singers betook themselves to the by-ways, hedges and street corners, and there sought relief from the stupendous strain of suppressed song. This failed, for the simple reason that every possessor of vocal chords thought it his predestined duty to butt-in and add a croak to the general chorus. The students and songsters despaired of getting any adequate expression until the present quartet was organized. Fit voices now render fit selections to the entire satisfaction of all save the croakers.



Ye MINSTREL QUARTET

Ye Minstrel Band

Since this band is different from all other bands, it is necessary to give a few words as to the nature of it. Ordinarily speaking, we think of a band as composed of a number of musicians, but this aggregation has no such accusation laid to its charge. Of course, those who are acquainted with the members of it know that Ye Minstrel Band is neither the dwelling place nor the source of "sweet sounds and harmonies."

But now for a short description of the band. It is made up of five such members as Director Chiles, the cornetists Dixon and Jenkins, the clarionetist Taylor, and the drummer Betts. Now, who could expect music from these! But not to disparage the organization too much, we will say that after so long a time they learned a selection which we finally recognized as "Listen to the Big Brass Band." The members are now so elated over their mastery of such a classic that each one thinks he will soon be a member of one of the greatest orchestras in the world, for instance:—

The cornetists, Dixon and Jenkins, both
Will, no doubt, make good with the famous Damrosch;
While Betts, the drummer, and Taylor, clarioneter,
Are striving for something that's even better.

Now, it is not necessary to speak of Director Chiles, for:—

All he wants is the many smiles
Of the ladies who watch his hand
As it keeps time to the music of the Big Brass Band.



YE MINSTREL BAND



Bachelor Girls' Club

Founder of Club.....	Maud Bigham
Guardian of Rights.....	Mat Sloan
Wicket Watcher.....	Leona Squires
Protector of Maids.....	Jennie Stewart

Motto—

“Why should not then we women act alone?
Or, whence are men so necessary grown?”—*Dryden*

*Place of Meeting—*Far from the abode of men.

*Time of Meeting—*Callers' hours.

*Purpose—*To improve the condition of woman everywhere, and to advance her rights and privileges.

*Requirements for Membership—*The girl seeking membership in this exclusive girls' club must prove herself an intense lover of women.

Yell—

Ya, Ya, Yee! Double dum dee!
Dickey Dack, Hickey Pack,
Hi Go See!
Club! Club! B. G. C.!

*Symbol—*Black Cat

The A. H. J. (?) Club

Flower — Sun-flower

Colors — Brown and Gold

Symbol — Skull

Purpose — "Mystification of the public and complication of private affairs."

Members

Beatrice Arnold

Jennie Stewart

Mayme Burley

Frances Jeter

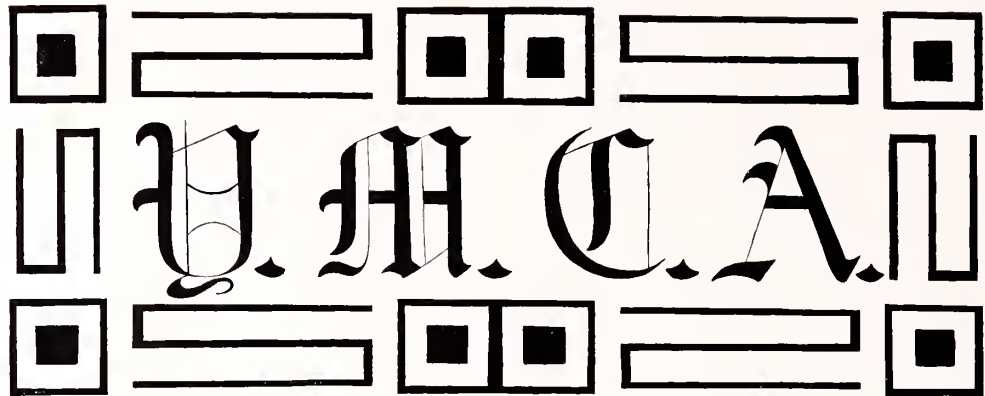
Lillian Clinkscates

Lillian Thompson

Jean Harris

Mat Sloan

Maud Bigham



C. B. WILLIAMS, *President*

J. P. KENNEDY, *Vice-President*

R. A. GRIER, *Secretary*

J. G. BARRON, *Treasurer*

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

SINCE 1836, when Sir George Williams, in company with a little band of young men, repaired to an upper room of his boarding house, and there formed an organization known as the "Young Men's Christian Association," the work of enlisting young men in the Christian service of the world has had a growth transcending even the most optimistic dreams of its founders. Starting from the feeble, yet hopeful and prayerful, efforts of a mere handful of young men, its work today is recognized as a vital and transforming force in more than forty countries of the world. Through its libraries, gymnasiums, athletic fields, and places of worship, the Association has borne to all classes the message of love and the spirit of brotherhood. To the outcast it has extended a friendly hand; to the weak it has imparted strength; to the proud it has taught the lesson of humility; to the wealthy and wise it has opened a field for the investment of their wealth and wisdom. Its power and influence throughout the world in the past have, indeed, been great; and its future will be fraught with unlimited possibilities.

In the lives of no class of men has the Y. M. C. A. exerted a more vital and signal influence than in the lives of college men throughout the civilized world. The history of its achievements among students has been the record of the formation of noble lives and characters. Pre-eminent in the Association's work is the aim of character building. And so successfully has this aim been reached that our colleges and universities have come to recognize the contribution of the Association to the student life as indispensable. It has endeavored to take the new student at a critical period in his life and teach him the beauty of noble living.

Of the fruits of these high aims and ideals the students of our own institution have reaped no meagre harvest. Since 1869, the students of Erskine College have maintained a well organized Young Men's Christian Association. Since

that time more than thirty-five outgoing classes have borne testimony of its power over the student life. Scores and hundreds of those who are now shaping the sentiments of our Southland today are living records of its influence.

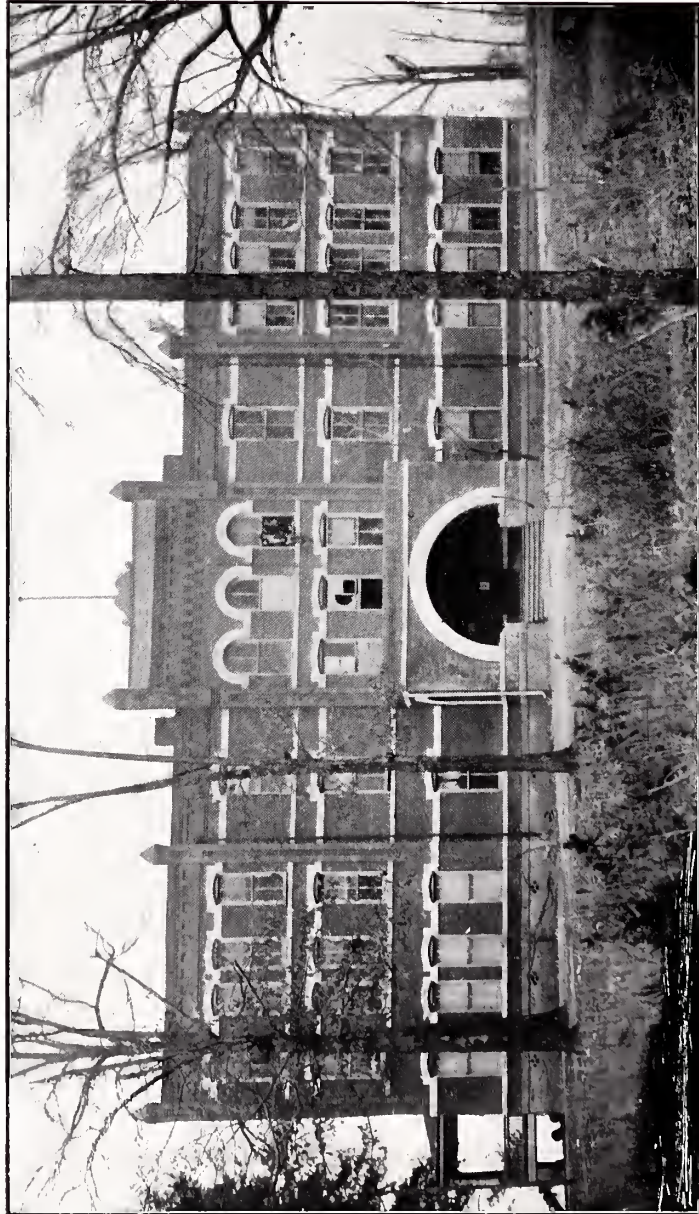
Such is, in brief, the record of the Y. M. C. A. in the student life of Erskine College. Its purpose at present is to continue its usefulness and strengthen its influence. To accomplish this purpose the Association seeks to reach the students through its various avenues of approach, most important of which are the Bible and Mission classes, and the devotional meetings. The study of the Bible and of Missions is of the most informal order. Classes are held in the rooms of the students, in groups varying from five or six to a dozen. In these groups a free, informal discussion makes the study both interesting and helpful. The devotional meetings, held on Sabbath nights in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, are conducted principally by the students, an outside address being given about once a month. The design of these meetings is to awaken a devotional spirit and to train young men for Christian leadership.

In point of equipment, the Association has, in the main, no cause of complaint. When the college was rebuilt in 1892, a hall on the first floor of the college building was furnished and given over to the use of the Association. This hall, with a seating capacity of about three hundred and fifty, furnishes a suitable meeting place for the students of the Association.

But, in this connection, we might add that the Association is not without its needs. Perhaps, to some not intimately acquainted with the workings of the organization, it would seem needless to send out a call for a new hall apart from the college building. Yet, there are ample reasons to justify an effort in this direction, and to those who in the next few years are to set the standards and ideals for the Association, we express the hope that a sentiment with so small a beginning may gain favor, until the need of this equipment shall become more generally recognized and the necessary means appropriated for the purpose.

But for the present, there are needs of less magnitude that should receive immediate attention. At the very least, the hall now used by the Association should be furnished with new carpet and chairs. Young men are not generally fastidious; but they enjoy the possession of that in which they can exercise pride. And a spirit of this kind of pride is essential to the best life and activity of any organization. Another need is for the permanent possession of a good piano. The music feature of the Association cannot be underestimated with impunity. It is the life of the devotional meetings, and perhaps the strongest attraction to students not already interested in the meetings.

Now, these needs are not presented out of an inclination to overestimate the value of external equipment, but out of the conception that such needs as these mentioned stand between the Association and its best work. And our hope is that this article may reach some of proper authority who, when the matter is formally presented, will be prepared to give it their support.



COLLEGE HOME

Statistical Table

<i>Student</i>	<i>Commonly Called</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Object in Life</i>	<i>Favorite Book</i>
Bell	Harper	Thus the world wags	To be seen of men	Olmsted's Physics
Blakely	Blake	By Devils	To live off the other fellow	Webster's Dictionary
Bommer	Walt	I don't know	To chew tobacco	Pilgrim's Progress
Byrd	R. D.	I'll be darned	To look tough	Sears & Roebuck's Catalog
Grier	Teen	Well, say fellows	To be loved	Keystone Review
Harkey	Frank	Charlotte	To boost Charlotte	Nick Carter
Irwin	Tam	I'm feeling blue	To be funny	Love Songs of France
Ketchin	Shaw	You got to show me	To argue	Puck
Lesslie	Sandy	Good Gosh!	To wield a tuning fork	Bible Songs
Lynn	Lynn	O! Dearie	To be happy	The Ruhaiyat
Matthews	Big 'im	Hey! Countryman	To locate his home town on the map.	Diamond Dick
McDonald	Doolley	I got a hunch	To be versatile	Carnack on Character
Miller	Wm. C.	Mah Lady	To wear his Tuxedo	If I Were King
Moffatt	Brice	? ? ? ? ? ? ?	To get married	Graustark
Patrick	Math	Don't tell such a lie	To be sarcastic	Queen of Hearts
Plaxco	Plax	A burned fool	To be a missionary	Stalker's Life of Paul
Williams	C. B.	I tell you what's a fact	To be a sport	Shorter Catechism
Williamson	Detch	Good grab a mighty	To eat chicken	How to Make Love

JOKES



N. H. BELL, EDITOR.

Prof. Long:—" Mr. Jones, what great principle of life did Poe mean to emphasize when he wrote the Murders of the Rue Morgue?"

Jones:—" I think that he meant to show that one should be very careful in handling wild animals."

Sloan:—" Say, Phagan, how was iron first discovered?"

Phagan:—" Someone smelt it."

D. W. W. C. Teacher:—" Oh, Mr. Plaxco! it was so kind of you to send me those nice roses. They were very fresh and sweet. I do believe there is some dew on them yet."

Plaxco (blushing):—" Well—er—yes; there is, but I will pay that tomorrow."

Prof. Reid:—" Mr. Stewart, will you please give me the definition of a vacuum?"

Stewart:—" Let's see; I have it in my head, but I can't get it out."

Beneath the moon
He told his love;
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

Prof. Reid:—" Mr. Orr, what is stable equilibrium?"

Orr:—" It is an excellent grade of fertilizer."

Roddey:—" Say, Tink; what is a ground-hog?"

Sam:—" You countryman! that is pork sausage."

Sandy:—" John, don't eat so much. You can't sleep on a full stomach."

Barron:—" If I can't I'll turn over on my back."

Prof. Grier:—" Mr. McDonald, what are the different kinds of time?"

Dooley:—" Well, Professor; there is Forbidden time, Dinner time, Supper time, Bed time, a Big time, and others too numerous to mention."

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship was at anchor;
She awoke in dismay,
For she heard the mate say:
" Now hoist the top sheet and spanker."

Wanted:—"Something to restore a lost appetite. For particulars see Jamie Snell."

D. W. W. C. Girl (praying in Y. W. C. A.):—" Give us pure hearts, clean hearts, sweethearts."

Mr. Sam Pressly:—" Piker, don't wear that picture on the face of your watch. I always wear them in the back of mine."

Piker:—" Well, that's the reason your girls are always behind the time."

Ikey Weir was calling in town not long ago. It was evidently getting very late, for a voice from above was heard to say: " E——, what kind of breakfast food does your friend prefer?" In a few seconds footsteps were heard rounding the corner at the Baptist church.

Prof. Pressly (in German class) :—" Mr. Ketchin, what is the word for beer?"
Ketchin:—" Budweiser."

Dr. Bell:—" Say, Steele; does your watch run with that picture on its face?"
Steele:—" Sure! it keeps perfect time."

Dr. Bell:—" I am surprised; I thought that the hands would be continually catching."

Echo from one of the D. W. W. C. parlors:—" Well, you had no business kissing me."

Reply:—" It wasn't business, it was pleasure."

Prof. Long:—" Mr. Gettys, what was Washington's farewell address?"

Gettys:—" Heaven, sir."

Chiles:—" You know, Miss —— looks good to me. Did you notice her smiling at me when she passed?"

Dooley:—" Yes."

Chiles:—" Man, what do you know about that?"

Dooley:—" I think she deserves credit for not laughing."

Dr. Moffatt (in Psychology) :—" Miss B——, if you were to fall in love, would that be a phenomenon?"

Miss B——:—" No; that would be a habit."

Dr. Moffatt (talking to Hatch at a faculty meeting) :—" Mr. Long, I suppose you realize the seriousness of this offense. You will be allowed to remain only on the promise of better behavior in the future. You must be very careful about your associates."

Hatch:—" Yes, sir; Doctor, I won't be found here any more."

Harkey (who had just run over a lady's pug) :—" Madam, I am very sorry that this has occurred. If I have killed or in any way injured your dog I wish to replace it."

Lady:—" You flatter yourself, young man."

There was considerable excitement in the Library the other day. A group of seniors, while looking over the latest additions to the library, found a copy of the year-book of the U. S. Brewers Association. Dr. McCain usually selects all new books.

Although the Wylie Home is now in ashes, the Co-eds still maintain their usual amount of interest in college affairs. Not long ago their subject for debate was, " Resolved that L. C. Blakely has the hook-worm."

D. W. W. C. Teacher:—" You know Emerson says to hitch your wagon to a star."

Ikey:—" Yes."

Teacher:—" I was just thinking about a driver."

Prof. Long:—" The fact that gold is to a certain extent soluble forces us to the conclusion that sea-water contains a certain per cent. of the precious metal."

Zip:—" Professor, is that where gold-fish get their shine?"

Ketchin:—" Goat, where did you get those kittens, and what are their names?"

Goat:—" Pete and Repeat."

Ketchin:—" Why don't you stir up something new? Call them Cook and Peary."

Goat:—" Oh, we're not going to have any pole-cats in this."

Dr. McCain:—" Mr. Jenkins, what was Sampson's last act?"

Jamie:—" I don't exactly recall the incident, Doctor; but it brought down the house."

Dr. Brice:—" You know love is the wine of life."

D. W. W. C. Teacher:—" Yes; and marriage is the morning after."

Kerr (to Bynum, who had just returned from the Rochester Convention):—" And say, Bynum; what do you think of New York city?"

Bynum:—" Man, it was equal to Yorkville on circus day."

" Doc " Chiles (boasting of the days when he was a rounder):—" Fellers, you know me and six more boys killed a whole quart of beer in one day!"

Professor (to Junior):—" Can't you multiply that number? Why, a Prep ought to do that."

Junior:—" Yes; I'm told that fools multiply very rapidly."

Prof. McDill:—" Mr. Barksdale, what do you think of the Mongolian race as a whole?"

Barksdale:—" Nothing at all; I went to the ball game."

Barber (to King):—" Now, will you have a tonic?"

King:—" No; I never drink."

Upon a rugged rock they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat;
He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her lips up every time.

An eminent scientist says that two people in kissing should always use a strainer to prevent contagion. Some one added the following:

“The maiden's heart just throbbed with bliss,
He was a clever entertainer;
But when the two were 'bout to kiss
He found that he had lost his strainer.”

A wise Soph added the following:—

“In such a case an E. C. man —
I'll vow you can't lose 'em —
Would wrap both arms about her waist
And strainer to his bosom.”

Prof. Galloway:—“Now, Mr. Kerns, will you illustrate the meaning of the word 'monotonous'.”

Kerns:—“Well, I would think that the noise made by the wind in blowing across the mouth of a jug would be monotonous.”

Moore:—“I wish I worked in the post-office.”

White:—“Why?”

Moore:—“Then I could get my stamps at cost.”

Rea, on debate, brought down the house by the following statement: “If you will pardon a personal reference, you may take the negro for example.”

“Rake” Harris startled the class in Economics by saying that goods had decreased in value over one hundred per cent. in the last few years.

Goat:—“Boyce, I'm surprised to see you out this cold morning.”

Boyce:—“Why?”

Goat:—“Sap-heads will freeze.”

We are growing uneasy about our sister institution. After a recent soiree the dean, with tearful eyes, was forced to give a lecture on holding hands.



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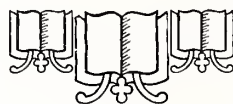


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INCREASING competency on the part of the Faculty is constantly insisted upon. With one exception all the teaching force has been in attendance upon some of the Universities recently, taking work in their specialties. A new Professor of Philosophy from the University of Wisconsin and an Assistant from the Pittsburgh College for Women, an Assistant Professor of English from Dennison University, and a Dean of Women from Leland Stanford University have been added to the Faculty this year.

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